



No. 366.—VOL. XXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



MAJOR-GENERAL E. R. P. WOODGATE, K.C.M.G., CB,

Dangerously wounded in the storming of Spion Kop, whilst in command of the 10th Brigade, forming part of Sir Charles Warren's Division.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN'S TRIBUTE TO SIR CHARLES WARREN.

I once served through a small expedition—it was not important enough to call by any more high-sounding name—under General Warren, and had an opportunity, for I was taken into the Staff Mess, of seeing what manner of man he was. The expedition was carried out from Kimberley, and the troops composing it were an extraordinary mixture. There were in Kimberley a number of gentlemen—lawyers, doctors, owners of claims, diamond-buyers—who enjoyed fighting for fighting's sake, and who took a couple of months' holiday to go out as troopers of Irregulars with Colonels Lanyon and Warren—for both were only Colonels then—on one of the many expeditions against rebels or freebooters, just as a business-man at home goes for a trip to the Riviera or Cairo. There were, besides these men who fought for pleasure, the men who are to be found all the world over, who are physically brave, who require money, and who serve chiefly because on a campaign there is money to be made or saved; and in Africa, when fighting against natives, the proceeds of the loot of cattle often come to a good round sum. There were in the force I am writing of a number of gentlemen whose complexions were very dark, but who asserted themselves to be full-blooded Englishmen; and there was a corps of natives drawn from a dozen different Batlapin and Baralong tribes, and called officially Zulus—no doubt, because there was not a Zulu amongst them. Under my command there were some men of the Imperial Service.

This was a strange mixture of ingredients to make into a harmonious whole; but Colonel Warren did it. One was constantly reminded, however, that the troopers, living a trooper's life, eating rations, and rations only, sleeping in their boots on the stones, and going out daily to be shot at, were very different men when they doffed the corduroy coat and slouch-hat. The other Imperial officer besides myself who was with Colonel Warren had as an orderly a nice-looking, soldierly young fellow of the Diamond Fields' Horse. One day this orderly asked to be recommended for a fortnight's furlough. His partner had written to him that a diamond had been found in their claim the worth of which could not be less than six thousand pounds, and wished to consult him as to its sale. The soldierly young orderly, I then learnt, was one of the richest diggers at Kimberley—it was before the days when the great companies swamped the individuals—and was campaigning because he preferred fighting to playing golf.

Two of the qualities that enabled Colonel Warren to deal satisfactorily with this strange mixture of men were his omniscience and his care of human life. The soldiers in India said of one of their commanders, "With him it is possible to give battle, and yet to preserve our lives," and it was so with Colonel Warren. He was the most democratic of commanders, and generally slept by one of the men's watch-fires. Sitting round the embers, talking over the events of the day, one would suddenly be aware that one's next-door neighbour was a man in a very battered slouch-hat and very bad corduroy clothes, having in one eye an eye-glass without a string. It was Colonel Warren, who wandered in the evening from one camp-fire to another, joining in any conversation that might be going on, and learning the opinions of all the various little corps which formed his force.

Of his care for human life—his men's, not his own, for he was personally fearless, and appeared to enjoy danger—I saw a good example. There was a strong position which had to be taken. The first attempt to do this by a dash at it from two sides failed owing to the two forces not arriving at the same time. There was no loss of life, but the enemy was put on the alert. For a week after this, Colonel Warren skirmished and reconnoitred. At last he found a practicable way by which he could surprise the enemy. Starting in the dead of night, the force dragged a gun up the side of a hill, which was difficult climbing for men without any impedimenta. At sunrise, the enemy found that all the *schances* they had built were untenable, and, when our dismounted men advanced to the attack, the position was taken with no loss of life on our side, and very few men wounded. I was a young soldier learning my trade, and, when the day's fighting was over, Colonel Warren pointed out to me that the week of patient reconnaissance had enabled him to gain his ends at the least possible cost to his men.

The song says, "If you want Honey, you want Money; it's Money, Money, everywhere"; but I don't think the "Money" revival at the Comedy will furnish much sweetness or L. s. d.

It is a tradition of the stage that transplanted plays rarely take root in the new theatre, though there are prodigious cases to the contrary, such as "The Private Secretary," "Charley's Aunt," the original triple bill which visited four or five houses, and others that I might name. I trust that Mrs. Campbell's present programme will prove one of the exceptions, and that "The Canary" will be long on its perch in the Royalty Theatre. Anyhow, the bill, containing a powerful short tragedy and a very clever, amusing farcical comedy, both of them admirably acted, ought to enjoy success. The patriotic poem recited by Mrs. Campbell is not likely to do much towards success. There is no need to speak at length of the performance, save perhaps to say that Mr. Ian Robertson plays very ably and effectively in Mr. Davenport's part, and that Mr. Mills, hardly a Forbes-Robertson, makes an impressive Bernez.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

The official telegram from Sir Redvers Buller (received in London last Friday), announcing the withdrawal of General Warren's garrison from Spion Kop on the previous evening, naturally occasioned something of a shock to the public mind. Only the day before, we had been practically assured that the enemy's position there was "untenable," and that our successful occupancy of the hill had placed "the key to the situation in our hands." This second despatch, however, somewhat discounted these sanguine expectations, for it was thereby shown that the gallant capture of the formidable heights in question had not resulted in any pronounced benefit to our arms.

Nevertheless, it is as well to remember that "war is a puzzling game," and that from a distance of some seven thousand miles from the actual theatre of operations it is impossible to appreciate the precise reason that has induced a General on the spot to act in any given manner. Of one thing, however, we may rest assured, namely, that the withdrawal was made on grounds of expediency. Indeed, Buller's official account of the movement (issued from the War Office on Sunday afternoon last) has already made this abundantly clear. In the course of it, he explained that, when Sir Charles Warren took the hill, it was discovered that, owing both to its large perimeter and the absence of water in the neighbourhood, its continued occupancy would be fraught with extreme difficulty. By nightfall of the 24th (when it had been held for just four-and-twenty hours), it became evident that its temporary abandonment would be advisable. The necessary move, accordingly, was carried out at dawn. A few hours later, Sir Redvers himself arrived, and, after careful consideration with General Warren, eventually decided that a second attempt to occupy the summit should not be made, as the enemy were massed too strongly on the right to admit of the position being forced. There being then nothing to be gained by remaining in the vicinity, the withdrawal of all our troops to the south side of the Tugela was commenced. This important operation was conducted with complete success—indeed, "without the loss of a man or a pound of stores." Considering all the circumstances—their proximity to the enemy and the huge supply-train accompanying them, &c.—this achievement reflects the greatest credit upon the officers and men concerned in accomplishing it. As Buller himself remarked with justifiable pride, "it is proof that the enemy has been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting powers."

Since *The Sketch* last made its appearance, the list of casualties resulting from the recent passage of the Tugela and the subsequent advance of General Buller's field force has been received in England. As was only to be expected, considering the severe nature of the week's fighting that these operations occasioned, it proved a somewhat heavy one. Where all did their duty so splendidly, it is difficult to particularise, but one feels compelled to signal out for special mention the 2nd Battalion the Scottish Rifles (with 11 killed and 83 wounded), and the 3rd Battalion the King's Royal Rifles (with 13 killed and 69 wounded). Indeed, concerning the mounted detachment of this latter corps, Lord Dundonald has remarked in an official despatch, "their gallantry was beyond praise."

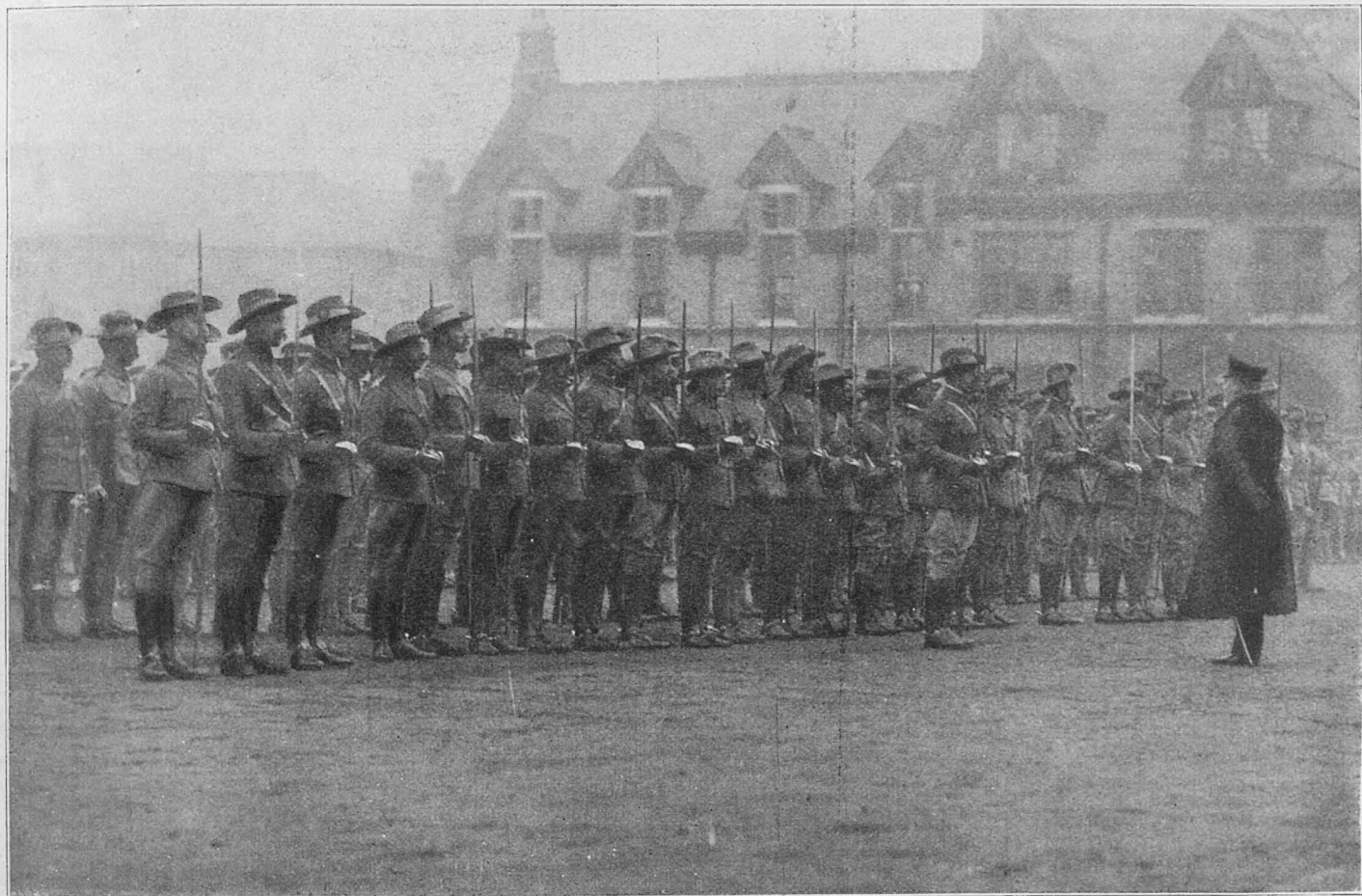
Among the fallen were Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Buchanan-Riddell (King's Royal Rifles), Captain F. Murray (Scottish Rifles), and Major C. B. Childe (South African Light Horse), all of whom were killed in the action of Jan. 24. On the same date Major-General Woodgate, C.B., was severely wounded. He is an officer of about five-and-thirty years' service, and had already seen a good deal of fighting. Previous to taking part in the present campaign, he went through the Abyssinian and Ashanti Expeditions of 1868 and 1873, and the Zulu War of 1879. A couple of years ago he was sent to the Gold Coast as Commanding Officer of the troops in Sierra Leone, and had only just completed his work here when he was appointed to the command of a brigade in Natal. It was the officer who succeeded him who gave the order to retire from Spion Kop.

In the various operations of the past fortnight in this portion of the strategical area, few officers have distinguished themselves more than has Colonel the Earl of Dundonald. His gallant dash across country from Prere to Zwart's Kop (on the 10th inst.) has been succeeded by the gaining of a signal victory near Acton Homes, and this in turn has been followed up by the performance of more good work. It is interesting to note, therefore, that his present appointment as a cavalry brigadier was conferred on him only because he happened to be on the spot when a vacancy occurred. Retiring from his regiment (the 2nd Life Guards) in 1899, he went out to South Africa, in an unofficial capacity, a few weeks ago. When the progress of events there called for capable cavalry leaders, he naturally volunteered his services, and these were eagerly accepted.

On the Western Border the situation up to the time of writing remains practically unchanged. Constant reconnaissances are conducted by Lord Methuen's cavalry, with the object of preventing the enemy from obtaining any rest. Beyond this, nothing more seems to be being attempted. Kimberley was subjected to a heavy bombardment on the 23rd inst., but the damage inflicted by the investing force was of a trifling nature. With regard to Mafeking, rumours have been received announcing its relief by Colonel Plumer, operating from the North. Up to the present, however, the report lacks corroboration.

At home the chief item to chronicle is the departure, on Saturday last, of the third contingent of the City Imperial Volunteers (under the command of Colonel A. G. Pawle), and of the first detachment of the Imperial Yeomanry. Photographs are given of the Prince of Wales's inspection of the Yeomanry at Albany Street Barracks on Friday morning last. I cordially unite with H.R.H. in wishing one and all God-speed.

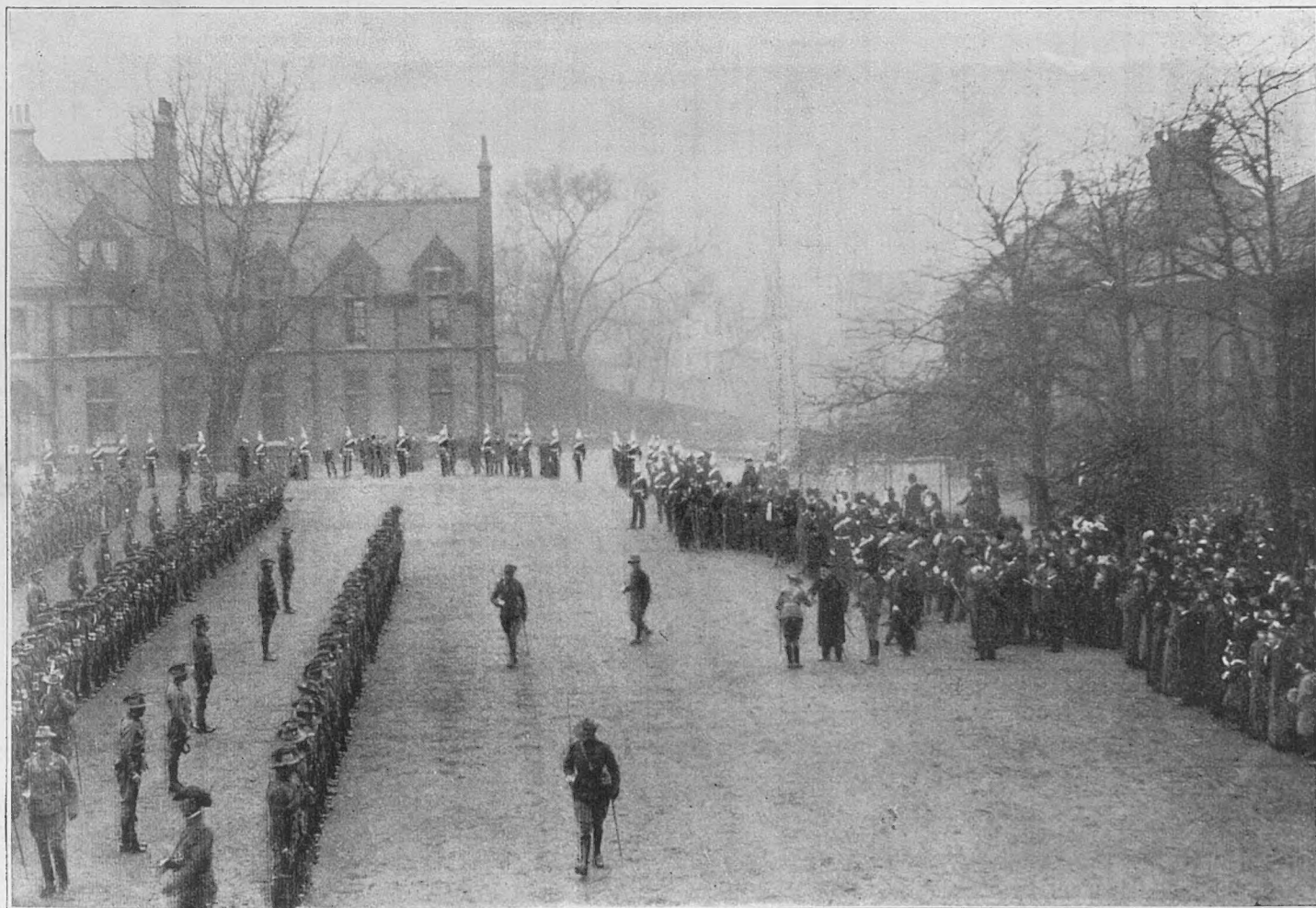
THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.



Lord Chesham.

THE PRINCE OF WALES ADDRESSING THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA: LORD CHESHAM AND OFFICERS SALUTING H.R.H.

"I wish you now God-speed and a safe return, and hope I may always hear the best possible account of you."



THE PRINCE OF WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH YEOMAN PATRICK CAMPBELL AT ALBANY STREET BARRACKS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

THE GAIETY'S NEW PLAY.

Whenever Mr. George Edwardes postpones a play—as he has done in the case of “The Messenger Boy,” and as he has often done with regard to other productions of his—such a proceeding never arises because of careless or unconsidered preparation. Both he and his splendid disciplinarian stage-manager, Mr. J. A. E. Malone, are too diligent and too strict men of business for that. No; it is because the blue (but keen) eyed Mr. Edwardes has seen the need for some special rearrangement, or for introducing some fresh episode, situation-song, or chorus that he, after deep thought, considers to be necessary to make the play more complete. Or it may be that at one of the dress-rehearsals—for this manager always has several—he has detected some jarring note in the scheme of colour. That would be quite enough for George Edwardes to postpone a production, no matter what it might mean to him in the way of cost and trouble. Of course, with such an artistic dress-designer as Mr. Percy Anderson engaged, it would be seldom that such a thing as colour-discord could be laid to his charge. But sometimes, after extreme care, certain costumes may be found not to “harmonise” with certain bits of scenery, or *vice versa*.

I have even known George Edwardes dismiss a dress-rehearsal because his eye has been offended, and he has believed that the public eye will be distracted, by a little piece of highly coloured baize or plush having been unthinkingly used for covering the musical conductor's desk. Indeed, speaking from long experience of Edwardes, and not a little business association with him, I can truthfully say that I have never met a man of keener vision, more perfect ear, or better taste than the manager whose next stage-production (whatever the play may prove to be upon performance) is warranted to more than usually delight all beholders by its richness and picturesqueness.

As *Sketch* readers have already been informed, the new Gaiety play—written by Messrs. Alfred Murray and J. T. Tanner, supplied with lyrics by Messrs. Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank (brother of that accomplished lyrist, poor Harry Greenbank), and fitted with music by those popular composers, Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton—is built around a Messenger Boy. This Messenger Boy is a sort of Jagger, who, although he has been exploited in sundry music-hall sketches and songs, has not yet received the honour of being impersonated on the “regular” stage. This Jagger character has been developed around that immensely popular little Gaiety low-comedian, Mr. Edmund Payne, who will, of course, extract from the part “every ounce of fat”—as some actors put it. Wild comedy of a totally opposite type is lavishly provided by Mr. E. J. Lonnen, who will be heartily welcomed back to the scene of his biggest



MISS MABEL LUXMORE, SISTER TO MISS KITTY LOFTUS, NOW PLAYING HELMA IN “WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES,” AT TERRY'S.

successes, from his De Villefort in Richard Henry's “Monte Cristo Junior,” his Monk in “Miss Esmeralda” (by poor Fred Leslie and Herbert Clarke), down to his Mephistopheles in “Faust Up to Date,” by George R. Sims and the late (and not yet replaced) Henry Pettitt.

Mr. Lonnen's part in the new Gaiety piece will doubtless grow to larger proportions than it at present appears to possess, especially as regards opportunities for comic-singing, a line of business in which this popular grotesque undoubtedly excels. Mr. Lonnen's character is that of a kind of attendant on a pretended Pasha (played by the droll Mr. Harry Nicholls), who in due course learns that the Jagger-like



MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS FUCH, HER PART IN MR. F. R. BENSON'S REVIVAL OF “A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,” AT THE LYCEUM.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Messenger Boy is really his son by the buxom wife whom he deserted in the long ago, whereby she was fain to take to the wash-tub for a livelihood. This Cockney but conscientious mother, full of quaint conceits and maternal solicitude, is allotted to Miss Connie Ediss, who, judging from the dress-rehearsal in progress at the moment of writing, bids fair to make a “hit.” So do Mr. Nicholls, as the Pasha; Mr. Lionel Mackinder, as the light-comedy hero; Miss Violet Lloyd, as the heroine; Miss Katie Seymour, as her maid (the Messenger Boy's sweetheart); Mr. John Tresahar, as the sender of the Messenger Boy on his perilous journey; and Mr. William Wyes, as the not too talkative but important magnate to whom the Gaiety's Jagger is despatched.

Much hearty fun promises to grow out of the adventures not only of the Messenger Boy—who is, in Act I., despatched from what is, in effect, London's Hôtel Cecil to Egypt by way of the First Cataract of the Nile—but also from the still more disturbing adventures of the character who essays to waylay and to utterly check the Messenger Boy. This would-be waylayer is the heroine disguised as a Messenger Girl—after whom the Gaiety play was once to be named. In these essays (all more or less futile) to intercept the Messenger Boy and his secret letter, the heroine is largely aided and abetted by her maid as aforesaid.

Most of the above-named masculine and feminine comedians, plus such handsome and attractive Gaiety favourites as Miss Grace Palotta and Miss Maud Hobson, have sundry songs which promise to be, for the most part, very effective. Among these ditties may be safely included a duet for Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Katie Seymour, in which they on reaching Egypt eschew, for the time being, their respective characters, and pose as revived and rollicking local mummies, with an appropriate dance. It is something more than likely, however, that one of the most pronounced lyrical “hits” in the new Gaiety play will be achieved by the martial ditty with the refrain “When the Boys Come Back.” If public sentiment is not at the time in too depressed a state to “sympathise,” this apparently inspiring carol should prove not only another “Soldiers in the Park,” but even more so.

How the play really ends is not perhaps fair to divulge at this moment. Nor can one, of course, venture to predict as to the play's reception. It is safe, however, to assume that kind friends in front will be in any case delighted with the kaleidoscopic picture of lovely ladies, now posing at the Hôtel Cecil, next disporting around a most realistic representation of Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, and, anon, revelling in local steam-launches along the majestic Nile.



LORD DUNDONALD (2nd LIFE GUARDS),

In command of the Mounted Irregular Forces in Natal. He particularly distinguished himself in the crossing of the Tugela.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FAULKNER AND CO., BAKER STREET, W.

CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

Everybody in this country was delighted the other day to read of the gallant and courageous conduct displayed by the Colonial contingents before the enemy, and when we were told of the way in which the Canadians, when ordered to retire, carried for miles in their arms the babies and young children of the loyalists who had been compelled to leave the abandoned town, we felt that here were men whose hearts were as tender as they were brave. When the full story of this war comes to be set forth, it will contain many fine, noble, and stirring tales, many splendid and striking pictures; but I fancy one which will arouse the widest sympathy will be this tale, this picture of the men from Canada, true sons of the Empire, carrying the children of the refugee loyalists of South Africa, true sons of the Empire also, from Douglas to a place of safety.

When the war commenced, Canada, with the utmost promptness and with wonderful national unanimity—we sometimes forget that Canada is a nation, though Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when he was over here for the Jubilee of 1897, was at some pains to point it out—offered a large force for the service of the Empire, an offer which was accepted, to say the truth, somewhat grudgingly by our Government, so much so, indeed, that the Canadians felt snubbed and were inclined rather to resent it. But when the succession of reverses to our arms occurred in that black week of last December, the news woke the whole of our great Dominion to a fever, a passion of loyalty and devotion, which found expression in another offer, which was, its matter of fact, a renewal of the first, to send another thousand or more men to South Africa, and that with all possible speed. Excellent as the men were Canada sent first—have they not proved it?—those she now is despatching are perhaps better adapted for the special requirements of Boer methods of warfare, as a large proportion of them consists of the famous "Riders of the Plains," as they are often called—in other words, the North-West Mounted Police, a body of men which competent authorities have pronounced "one of the finest cavalry regiments in the Empire."

Canada is not supposed to have any "Regular" army, but out of its Active Militia, as the soldiers of the Dominion are termed—and it is a sort of tonic for us to remember at this time that there are forty thousand of them, all of much the same stuff as that of which we have made such favourable acquaintance—there are some two thousand which can only be classed as Regulars, consisting of artillery, mounted infantry, cavalry, infantry, and last, but by no means least, the North-West Mounted Police. Detachments from these troops, as well as men drawn from the Militia proper, form the force now being prepared for the Cape. Of the North-West Mounted Police some four hundred have been selected, and their chief officer, who is styled Commissioner—one has to remember he is a policeman as well as a soldier—is, I understand, to be in command. If this information is correct, then our Generals will find in Colonel Lawrence Herchmer, the Commissioner in question, a first-rate officer and a man of wide frontier experience, just the kind of man likely to be most useful in South Africa.

And the troopers themselves, like their chief, are undoubtedly the

very men we ought to have in South Africa, as they are inured to fatigue and hardships, and are well accustomed both to hard riding and hard living. True, they have not been used to fighting people like the Boers, and the prairies are not much like the mountainous regions which are the main scenes of the present struggle; but what they do not know they will soon learn, as their training has given them a splendid preparation which will certainly stand them in good stead.

Originally called into existence soon after the Confederation of the various Canadian Provinces into the "Dominion," the North-West Mounted Police were intended, as their name sufficiently indicates, for duty in that vast area of territory which Canada acquired from the Hudson's Bay Company some thirty years ago. They had to guard, or, at all events, patrol and police, a frontier nine hundred miles in length, with a country behind it five hundred miles in width—a region as large as Western Europe. In those days there were only a handful of whites in the territories, and the main business of the force lay in keeping the roving Indian population in check, in hunting down horse-thieves, and in the prevention of smuggling along that gigantic frontier. They have been engaged, however, on distinctly military service more than once, particularly in the Rebellion of the Saskatchewan in 1885, and the nature of the duties they performed in the Klondyke a year or so ago were also of a semi-military character. When we take into account their comparatively small numbers—there are only about a thousand of them in all—it will be seen from what has just been said that the North-West Police must be an unusually "mobile" force. Indeed, it is nothing for these men to have to be in the saddle for many hours, day after day, for weeks together.

Their headquarters are at Regina, a town of about two thousand inhabitants, some three hundred miles west of Winnipeg. Regina is the seat of the Commissioner, but there are posts scattered at wide intervals over the country, in charge of officers called Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors, who generally have with them half-a-dozen to a dozen men. The troopers themselves are a fine body of men physically, and they have to be of good moral character. Many of them are gentlemen who, attracted by the wild, free, headlong life of the Plains, have shaken the dust of civilisation from off their feet, or who, perhaps, have not succeeded in some other line of life. It can hardly be the pay which "draws" them, for it is only two shillings a-day. They are all under the strictest military discipline, and, in fact, are far more like mounted infantry than policemen. It is just possible that some of my readers may recall seeing a detachment of the North-West Mounted Police in the famous procession of the Sons of the Empire last Jubilee—may recall their handsome and soldierly appearance as, in their white canvas helmets and brilliant scarlet uniforms, they paced along to St. Paul's. That white and scarlet must, of course, be replaced by khaki in South Africa, and perhaps the Mexican saddles they ride on in Canada may not do for Boer-fighting either; but the rest of their equipment, in the handy Winchester carbines and heavy revolvers, with which they are all armed, ought to be what are required. They do not carry sabres. As a rule, they are excellent shots, many of them being capital performers with the Winchester on horseback.

Of course, at the present time it is the depth of winter in Canada, and the troopers' gorgeous summer uniforms are replaced by heavy coats of bearskin. It will be a decided change for the North-West Police to have to face at once the heat of South Africa—to jump with such suddenness from winter to summer, but they will rightly consider that as the least they have to face. We shall hear from them—but it will not be about that.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

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London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"THE RED BOOK OF ANIMAL STORIES."*

It is no easy matter to make the proper mixture of fact and fancy which is best appreciated by young people. In youth, especially in childhood, imagination either plays an important part or should be stimulated to do so. It is for this reason that fairy-tales are popular and wholesome. But a time comes when knowledge of the things and beings of the visible world has to be formed, and this cannot be better inculcated than through familiar animals, who, so far as we can gather, are often moved by like passions with our own. Mr. Lang has already shown his skill in selecting stories which at once arouse the interest and the imagination. In the present volume he pursues the same object. The line which separates mythical animals from those known in our own time is, as Mr. Lang says, very much less clear than is generally supposed. One might perhaps go a step further, and say that, whenever geological research has resulted in the discovery of the fossils of strange and now unknown animals, the traditional belief in monsters, dragons and the like, is practically universal. Of such Mr. Lang has collected from various sources several amusing stories or legends, but the greater part of the volume deals with animals with which acquaintance can be made at home, in the fields or at the Zoological Gardens. Some of the dog-stories are especially good, and bear the impress of actual truth; while those located in Scotland have generally a pathos of their own. Mr. Lang has found able assistants and collectors in compiling this attractive volume, which will, one feels convinced, obtain no less popularity than its vari-coloured predecessors in Storyland. Mr. H. J. Ford's illustrations are in every way excellent, both in humour and execution.

* "The Red Book of Animal Stories." By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans and Co.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Her Majesty the Queen, with that steadfastness to duty and earnest zeal for the welfare of her people that make her name so justly beloved throughout the British Empire, has, during the past week, been meeting her Ministers in consultation, and framing, with them, the Speech for the opening of Parliament. It is sincerely to be hoped that the present grave state of affairs will have no weakening effect upon the health of our Sovereign. In addition to her ordinary cares comes the death of the Duke of Teck—a sad event that not only plunges the Queen into mourning anew, but also draws upon the kindly sympathy that Her Majesty feels towards every member of the Royal Family.

Although the British people among whom he made his home for so many years will lament the death of the Duke of Teck principally with reference to the deep grief which it must cause to his devoted daughter, the Duchess of York, the father of our future Queen himself possessed a romantic and interesting personality, all the more remarkable because it was to so great an extent hidden from the world at large.

The very circumstances of the late Duke's birth were invested with that touch of romance which makes the whole world kin. His father, Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, cousin and heir-presumptive to the King, acted up to the well-known motto, "All for love and the world well lost," and contracted a marriage with Claudine, Countess von Rheday, known during her life as Countess von Hohenstein. This lady, who transmitted her beauty to her children—at the time of his marriage to Princess Mary of Cambridge, Prince Teck, as he was then called, was considered one of the handsomest men in Europe—was very much respected and beloved by her husband's innumerable Royal and Imperial relations. She was herself descended from the Royal House of Arpad, and the late Duke was very fond of recalling the fact that among his paternal ancestors was the famous Magyar Chief who conquered Hungary in the ninth century.

Some years before her death, Duke Alexander's wife was created Countess of Hohenstein; but the late Duke was only four years old when he lost his mother. He was, however, most carefully brought up by Duke Alexander, and when still in early youth he entered the Austrian Army, and distinguished himself on the field at Solferino. This fact brought him to the notice of King William of Prussia, afterwards German Emperor; and he was only twenty-six when he received the hereditary title of Fürst, or Prince, of Teck, the Teck title being one of the oldest in Europe, and especially appertaining to the Duchy of Würtemberg. The first few years of the Duke and Duchess of Teck's married life were spent in charming apartments in Kensington Palace, and it was there that their four children were born. Then, for a while, they spent a portion of each year in Florence, where they were welcomed with enthusiasm by the British colony, who found in the Duchess the kindest of hostesses, and in the Duke a cultured and indefatigably good-natured Ciceronian friend to all those desiring of his assistance. But there can be no doubt that both the Duke and Duchess of Teck's happiest years were spent at the White Lodge. Long before there seemed any hope of their becoming the possessors of a great English country-house, both the late Duke and Princess Mary longed for nothing so much as a rural existence.

The Duke was, as a young and middle-aged man, a keen sportsman and an adept at every form of athletic exercise. As I have before intimated, he had a profound and genuine interest in horticulture, and probably none of the distinctions heaped upon him in later years pleased him more than having been offered the Presidentship of the Botanical Society. Under his fostering care the pretty grounds of the White Lodge became filled with rare and valuable shrubs and plants, and even the Kew authorities, mighty as they were, and are, might well envy the Duke his exquisite fernery and his far-famed clumps of rhododendrons.

Even the slightest account of the late Duke of Teck would be incomplete without some reference to his absorbing love for and pride

in his four children. There was something almost pathetic in his love for his young daughter—his keen sympathy in her joys and griefs, his delight in the three grandchildren with which she gladdened his otherwise overclouded later years. In him his sons found a kind friend and sympathiser, and it was by his special wish that they all successively entered the British Army.

The Duke may be said to have never recovered from the terrible shock of his wife's death. During the last three years, the Duchess—or Princess Mary, as he always called her—was never out of his thoughts, and no day passed by without his making some touching reference to the happiness which she had brought into his life; indeed, towards the end he made no secret of the fact that, notwithstanding the affectionate devotion shown him by his children, he had no wish to live on in a world where every day he seemed to miss her bright and genial presence more and more.

The death of the Queen's niece, Duchess Friedrich of Schleswig-Holstein, will also have been a sad shock to Her Majesty, for our Sovereign was tenderly attached to her half-sister, Princess Feodore of Leiningen, and also to the latter's children. The late Duchess had many close ties with this country, the more so that her favourite brother, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, early became to all intents and purposes an Englishman. She was also, of course, a sister-in-law to Prince and Princess Christian.

How strange now to recall that, as a girl, the late mother of the German Empress was exceedingly anxious to marry Napoleon III.! Indeed, the marriage was nearly arranged, but Queen Victoria and Prince Albert strongly disapproved of the proposed alliance, and their opposition carried the day. Had Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe become Empress of the French, the whole face of Europe would almost certainly have been different.

The whole Empire will join next Saturday in congratulating Lord Salisbury on his attainment of three-score-and-ten, and there can be little doubt that, if Lord Edward Cecil can get a message through from Mafeking, his will be one of the first to reach Hatfield or Arlington Street on the morning of that day. There is something very pathetic in the silent dignity with which the Premier has borne not only his recent terrible bereavement, but also the wearing anxiety concerning his gallant son. Not till compelled to do so by the circulation of the report which had no truth in it, did Lord Salisbury reveal to the world that neither he nor any member of his family has had any direct or indirect news of Lord Edward, save that which has filtered through in the ordinary course.

The death of Lady Salisbury throws a sad gloom over what may be called Ministerial Society, and, just before the Session opened, the Duchess of Devonshire, who is *par excellence* the hostess of her distinguished husband's party, was plunged in the deepest mourning by the death of her granddaughter, Lady Alice Montagu. Lady Lansdowne can be in no mood for entertaining; and, for once, it would appear as if the Liberal hostesses were likely to have the best of it. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is, I think, the only Cabinet Minister's wife who has no near relations serving at "the front"; but, then, the pretty and popular and most estimable wife of the Colonial Secretary does not entertain on a large scale when in London. Perhaps, however, this winter she will make an exception.

The fact that Admiral Maxse has now joined his daughter in Cape Town must be a certain consolation to her husband's family, for the gallant sailor is exceedingly fond of his son-in-law, and may be trusted to do all that lies within the power of man to ascertain how he and the plucky inhabitants of Mafeking are faring at the present moment. By the way, Admiral Maxse's son has just gone to "the front," leaving his bride with his sister and father at Cape Town. I wonder if many people are aware that the Admiral is not only a personal friend of



THE LATE DUKE OF TECK.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Mr. George Meredith, but inspired that admirable portrait of a gentleman of "Beauchamp's Career"?

By a curious coincidence, although such an imposing battalion of Members of Parliament are either serving at "the front" or about to do so, their wives, with scarce an exception, have been among those who



GENERAL SIR LESLIE RUNDLE, GOING OUT TO SOUTH AFRICA IN COMMAND OF THE EIGHTH DIVISION.

Photo by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

have been content to remain at home, and not to go out, as so many officers' wives have done, to South Africa. Accordingly, what may be called the feminine side of Parliamentary life will be very fully represented in London this coming Session, for almost everybody who, as a rule, prefers to winter in the country is now making a point of being in town in order to have early news from "the front."

Lady Henry Bentinck accompanied Lord Henry to South Africa, and Lady Sophie Scott will probably be at Cape Town while Sir Samuel is making a vigorous effort to get attached "in any capacity" to the Yeomanry or Regular forces. Lady Edmund Talbot is remaining in England, and will spend a good deal of time at Arundel Castle with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk; and Mrs. Harry McCalmont will, as usual, proceed to the South of France.

No one ever claimed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as an orator. Nor does he ever aspire to eloquence. But he is pithy, shrewd, good-natured, with true instinct for the varying moods of the House. Quaint phrases drop from his lips, and what he lacks in eloquence he makes up in wit—Scotch wit, it may be, but not a bad sort. His principal lieutenants, Mr. Asquith and Sir Henry Fowler, are capital Parliamentary speakers. The latter possesses fervour; the former pounds his opponents with forcible phrases. Although Mr. Asquith has not the inspired air, he can expose a bad case more effectively than any member except Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain, while nobody can make out a better case than Sir Henry Fowler.

The best oratorical days of Sir William Harcourt are naturally over. Age, with disappointment, has left its mark on the stout Parliamentary fighter. Now and again, in a brief speech delivered on the spur of the moment, he shows the present generation what its predecessor enjoyed—a richness, a fulness, a variety, not found in the new style, but for the nightly combat he is not so fit as he was. His particular colleague, Mr. John Morley, if not a clever debater, is at least an interesting speaker. His manner is not very good; the unsympathetic temper of the House reacts upon him, and he lectures it or scolds it. At the same time, the literary skill and the allusiveness of his speeches make them attractive. Perhaps, in the new Session, with its war controversies, old reputations may be lost and great reputations may be gained. There is room for a new man.

Sir Henry McLeod Leslie Rundle, K.C.B., C.M.G., who is to command the Eighth Division, began his military career as an Artilleryman

just over twenty-three years ago, and few soldiers have in such a comparatively short time seen so much and distinguished service. This will not be his first campaign against the Boers, for after taking part in the Zulu War, in the Boer War two years later he was one of the gallant Potchefstroom garrison, which, after keeping the enemy at bay so long, marched out with "the honours of war." Sir Henry was wounded during the siege, but, as a slight recompense, on the evening of the capitulation he had the honour, with one or two other officers, of dining with the redoubtable Cronjé. He has been through no less than six campaigns in Egypt and the Soudan, and, in addition, was from 1893-8 Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army. Latterly, he has been in command of the South-Eastern District, with headquarters at Dover, and "D.A.G." at Headquarters. His "mentions in despatches" coincide in number with his campaigns, he has a splendid "breast" of decorations, and he is a Companion of the "Distinguished Service Order." Despite his length of service, General Rundle is still a young man, for he has but just entered his forty-fifth year.

There has been an immense deal of gossip about Colonel Gough (who turned up in London, somewhat to the surprise of his friends, some weeks since) and his relations with Lord Methuen. People have been saying that the Colonel, whose dash and brilliant gallantry have been proved over and over again in India, declined to charge with his Lancers at Gras Pan because horses and men were exhausted. This rumour Colonel Gough has, I believe, contradicted. That some difference existed between Colonel Gough and his General is, no doubt, true, and it will, I understand, be a matter for the decision of the authorities at the War Office. What actually took place, I am informed on excellent authority, was simply this: Lord Methuen sent for Colonel Gough the day after the Gras Pan engagement, shook hands with him, and suggested that he should report himself at home, and the questions which the astonished Colonel not unnaturally put as to the "Why and the Wherefore" received no satisfactory reply, so there was, of course, nothing to be done but to start for England. It seems a pity that our forces should lose the services of so fine an officer as Colonel Gough at such a moment without satisfactory cause.

Regulations regarding the employment of members of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade as auxiliaries to the Army Medical Service have been approved by the Secretary of State for War. The Great Western Railway centre of the St. John's Ambulance Association embraces a considerable number of members of the company's staff, some of whom have expressed a desire to volunteer for service. The directors of the company have agreed that, in the case of approved members of the staff who offer their services to and are accepted by the authorities, the posts they vacate shall be kept open for them till their return, or, if not the



A WREATH LAID ON THE GRAVE OF THE LATE GENERAL WAUCHOPE, WHO DIED A SOLDIER'S DEATH AT THE BATTLE OF MATJESFONTEIN.

Photo by Ambrose Jarman, Claremont.

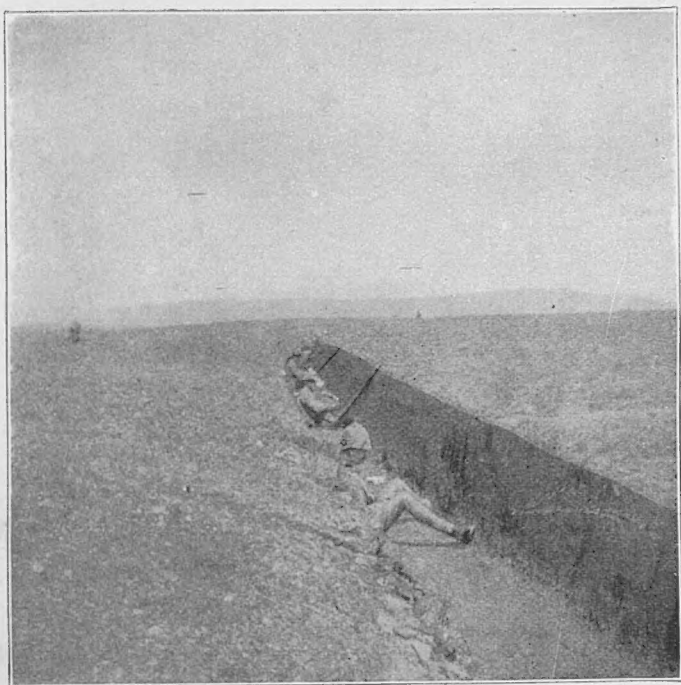
identical posts, then others equally good. The company's staff also includes a number of members of the Volunteer forces, and, subject to reasonable limits, if any of these are selected for service by the military authorities, arrangements of a similar character will be made.

To those who had the privilege of knowing Mr. George Warrington Steevens, the brilliant journalist and indefatigable worker became merged—and, indeed, absorbed—in the remarkable and endearing personality of the man himself. Even to some of his oldest friends, I fancy, the fact that he was only just thirty will come as something of a surprise and a revelation. It seemed so many years since he first joined the brilliant little band of journalistic free-lancees which hailed Mr. Harry Cust as their leader and chief at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office. Much of the "joy of life" this blithe brotherhood went in for was reflected in the *Pall Mall's* pages.

In those seemingly far-off days, the smart staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* seemed to form a journalistic group apart. Though on the most

During the last few years—in fact, soon after he joined the staff of the *Daily Mail*, for Mr. Steevens was one of those who followed Mr. Cust when the latter seceded from the *Pall Mall Gazette*—he and Mrs. Steevens had the good-fortune to come across and to secure one of the few historical houses which still linger on within the twelve-mile radius. Merton Abbey, Wimbledon, an unpretentious, picturesque group of buildings, bounded by a high wall on one side and by one of the most beautiful leafy gardens on the other, seemed still full of memories of Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Indeed, a tangible relic of the former still stands on the lawn, in the shape of a small cannon taken from the French, and apparently offered as the most suitable of love-trophies by the great Admiral to his beloved Emma. As Mr. Steevens, on more than one occasion, jokingly confided to a

BATTLE OF COLENZO SNAPSHOTS SENT SPECIALLY TO "THE SKETCH."



MEN OF "THE QUEEN'S" TAKING REFUGE IN A BOER TRENCH.



WAITING IN A GARDEN FOR AMMUNITION.



NAVAL 4-INCH GUN SHELLING COLENZO.



A BOER SHELL THAT FELL CLOSE TO AN OFFICER LEFT IN CAMP.

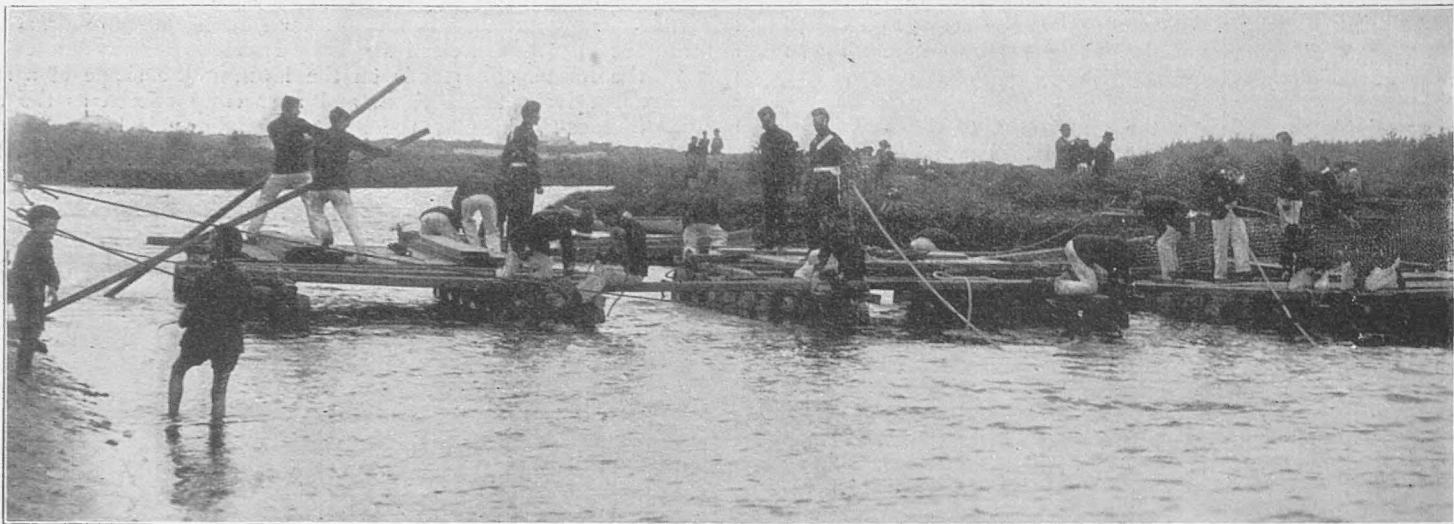
cordial terms with those of their fellow-craftsmen of the pen with whom chance threw them into contact, they were, one and all, curiously unlike the typical London journalist. Your Fleet Street scribe is too often doomed to pass his life in town almost wholly. Not so Mr. Cust and his disciples. They spent every spare moment as far as well might be, first, from Northumberland Street, and, later, from the Charing Cross Road, and strange tales of their revelries were current. In one very lovely Surrey village within hail of the Punchbowl and of Haslemere, it was there, if I mistake not, while sitting in the quaint hostelry which was patronised by the whole staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that Mr. Steevens first met the clever, generous-hearted woman whom he had the good-fortune to win for his wife, and whose relation to him recalls to a pathetic degree that bond which so united the author of "Treasure Island" to Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, and made their married life such an ideally happy one.

friend during some of the long and, it must be confessed, dreary days which filled up the journey "with Kitchener to Khartoum," there would rise up before his eyes a vision of the pretty lawn bounded by a long, narrow lake.

No odds can yet be published about the racing-men entered for the Transvaal Stakes—off to the war, that is—Mr. Harry McCalmont, Mr. Henry Dyas, Messrs. C. V. Tabor, Woodland, and E. Hampton, with the jockey Mumford. May they lead throughout, and finish strong and full of running—everywhere but on the Pretoria Racecourse, which the Boers have just arranged to seat twenty thousand! May they never be even "scratched"! The Sloan sent will be useful in riding under fire. By-the-bye, why not pay them on the ordinary system of three pounds for a mount and five for a win, and do the same with our battleships, *à la* Lipton, in war-time?

The new Colonel of the 2nd South Wales Borderers, by the way, is Colonel the Hon. Ulick de R. B. Roche, whose record is a distinguished one. Colonel Roche joined the old 24th (2nd Warwickshire) Regiment from the Militia some twenty-three years ago, and later on

been so constantly repaired that very little of the original yacht remains, and the annual bill for making her seaworthy has always been on the increase. I am not divulging a State secret when I state that for over two decades she has been eaten up by dry-rot, and dry-rot on a wooden



HOW THE ENGINEERS BRIDGED OVER THE TUGELA: COLONIAL TROOPS MAKING A PONTOON-BRIDGE.

From a Photograph by Burke, Christchurch, New Zealand.

became Instructor of Musketry to his battalion. With the 24th he served in the Kaffir Campaign of 1877-8, and in the operations against the Galekas. In the Burmese Expedition of 1886-9 he played a distinguished part, and in the following year was appointed a "D.A.A.G." in the Bengal Command. Now, as Colonel-in-Command of the 2nd South Wales Borderers (once the 24th), he returns to the continent where both battalions of his regiment fought so bravely at Rorke's Drift and Isandhlwana twenty years ago.

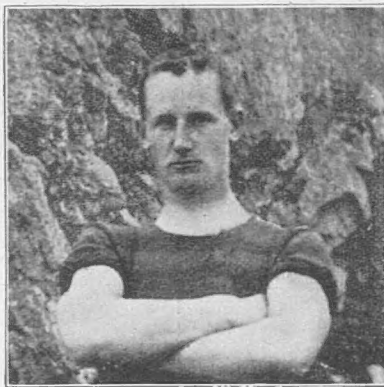
Private Fitzmaurice, of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, has been recommended for the Victoria Cross, and his bravery in the Battle of Belmont should make the decoration a sure thing for him. Seeing that Colonel Crabbe was surrounded by Boers, Fitzmaurice dashed to the rescue, shot two of the enemy, bayoneted a third, and—all the time under fire—carried his Colonel to the ambulance-waggon.

The mishap to the new Royal Yacht is not altogether inexplicable. The dockyard "mateys" at Portsmouth are crowing over their brethren at Pembroke because the vessel has been brought round for alterations from Wales to Hampshire. But all the difficulties which from the beginning have beset the completion of the new *Victoria and Albert* will never be known. However, certain of these may perhaps be mentioned. In the first place, the Queen was very averse from the first to entertaining the idea of a new yacht, the old ship, now forty-five years old, which had carried Her Majesty so well and faithfully, being all that the Sovereign required. Unfortunately, the *Victoria and Albert* has for many years

ship is like consumption in a human being. The Prince of Wales finally pointed out to his August Mother that a new yacht would have to be built sooner or later, and reluctantly the Queen gave her consent to the fresh departure. Then began the building of the ship. It would serve but little use to enter into details, but it is only fair to Sir William White, that great constructor of the best battleships in the world, to state that the Royal Yacht which heeled over at Pembroke was not the vessel as originally designed by him. The new Royal Yacht is top-heavy; that is what is the matter with her. You can float a walnut-shell with a wooden match for a mast, but stick a couple of great darning-needles into the frail craft, and it will capsize. Is there any necessity for further explanation?

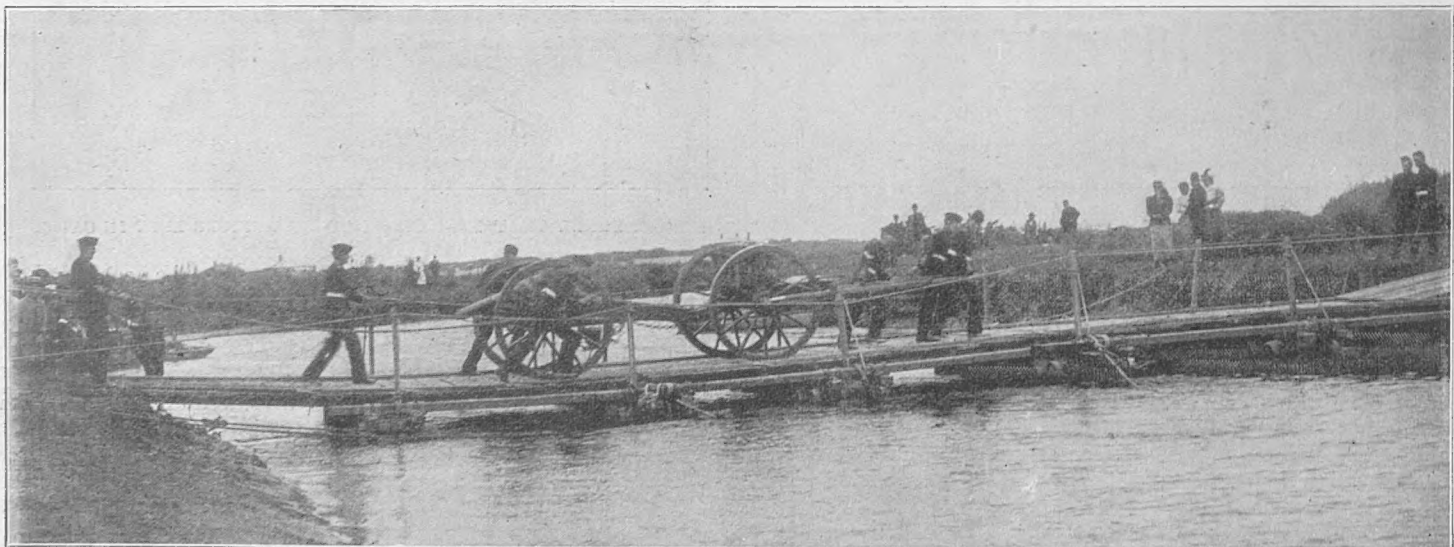
Intentionally or not, Jean Richepin seems to be taking up the mantle of poor Daudet and chaffing mercilessly the Academy. Zola has done this for years, and he told me himself that his perpetual candidature for a place amongst the Immortals was only a joke, and that he would never take a seat if he was really elected.

The Canterbury Volunteer Engineers, having headquarters at Christchurch, New Zealand, have just completed their annual training in the branches which they are devoted to. Their principal feat was to throw a pontoon-bridge, seventy-five feet in length, over the River Avon, the work being completed under two hours. The bridge was thoroughly tested by sending across two of the big guns belonging to the "E" Battery Artillery, weighing, in all, about four tons. This is the first time in the history of the Colony that the work has been so successfully completed.



PRIVATE F. FITZMAURICE,

Of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, recommended for the V.C. on account of conspicuous bravery at the Battle of Belmont.



HOW THE ENGINEERS BRIDGED OVER THE TUGELA: A PONTOON-BRIDGE COMPLETE, AND A BIG GUN BEING TAKEN OVER.

From a Photograph by Burke, Christchurch, New Zealand.

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Nearly everyone remarked, when he or she read of the lamented death of R. D. Blackmore, "I had no idea that he was so old." As a matter of fact, Blackmore, like Thackeray, never made his great success till he was in the prime of life. "Lorna Doone" was, like "Vanity Fair," more or less of a lucky chance, because it had been rejected by nearly every publisher in London before it made not only the writer but the district of which he wrote famous and wealthy. If ever a mortal being deserved a statue in the land stretching from Barnstaple to Minehead, that man is Blackmore. What Scott was to the Highlands, Blackmore was and is to the region round about Exmoor. It literally reeks of "Lorna Doone"—coaches, inns, and guide-books are all stamped with the hall-mark. No one knew better than Blackmore that his imagination had carried him away rather far in the matter of description. Consequently he hated to be reminded of "Lorna Doone." I remember on one occasion, when I was present, that an outspoken American observed, "I confess, Mr. Blackmore, that I was rather disappointed with the Doone Valley." "Good God, sir!" replied Blackmore, "so was I!" He doubtless called to mind that the famous Vale in question was but a wretched gully unworthy of the distinction which he had conferred on it. But, for all that, "Lorna Doone" is, and must remain, an English classic. I am indebted to Mr. R. B. Marston for his courtesy in allowing Mr. Jenkins's vivid portrait to be reproduced in *The Sketch*.

I am not sure that Blackmore's many readers have ever recognised that he was one of the last upholders of Church and State in the old-fashioned reading of the text. In nearly every novel we find a clergyman; and, with one exception (Parson Chowne), the divines are of the sympathetic sort. His lay characters, too, of the kindlier nature belong to or regret the good old days, and Uncle Corny, in "Kit and Kitty," says, "A discontented man is as likely as not, unless he prays to God every morning of his life, to turn into a Liberal. I have known a lot to do it, and, being nabbed on the nail by the shady lot, *who are always near the corners*, never get any chance again to come back to honesty." As a delineator of the country life and country livers, Blackmore was not beaten either by Thomas Hardy, or Richard Jefferies, or the mysterious "Son of the Marshes." In "Cripps the Carrier," in "Perlycross," and, above all, in "Christowell," the knowledge of the husbandman showed in the hand of the novelist. When Blackmore touched London life, he failed, and why he lived among his suburban nursery-gardens is, perhaps, best explained by the remark which he once made to me: "I like playing at Devonshire near London." His passing away will be mourned, because he made the great-hearted, blundering, honest John Ridd, who will live to all time.

With regard to Blackmore's masterpiece, "Lorna Doone" (writes a correspondent), it is interesting to note from what very slight materials he wove a delightful and realistic romance which reads almost like a historical novel. Some years ago, I was engaged in extra-illustrating and interleaving a copy of this most deservedly popular tale, and I was able to find but little actual history of the Doones of Bagworthy.

Curiously enough, I lighted, among some old numbers of the *Leisure Hour*, on a story entitled "The Doones of Exmoor," and a very commonplace story it was, which, although it contained many of the names since made familiar by Blackmore (it was published some years



THE LATE R. D. BLACKMORE, AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE."

Reproduced by courteous permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

before "Lorna Doone"), had no resemblance to the great romance of Exmoor in the smallest degree. On what tradition it was founded I was unable to discover.

"Mr. Blackmore assured me that he had never heard of or seen it, and with regard to the history of that last survival of a banditti in England, the Doones, he wrote, "I do not know of any written history of the Doones, and do not think that there is any such. Occasional notices are, I believe, to be found in some local guide-books, although I have not searched them. I have never seen the tale in the *Leisure Hour* of which you speak. I have seen *somewhere* a tale founded on the murder of the old Squire of the Doones. This may be the one you refer to." It would seem therefore that Mr. Blackmore's imagination could have had nothing more on which to work than such oral traditions as his school-days at Tiverton doubtless made him familiar with.

In all that has been written regarding Ruskin's connection with South London there is a singular absence of the circumstance that he occupied the house on Denmark Hill, now numbered 163, and adjoining the late Sir Henry Bessemer's residence, for a longer period than he had been associated with 28, Herne Hill, whither his parents removed when he was in his fourth year. There are still a few residents in Denmark Hill who recollect the Master as he walked down to the newsagent's at Camberwell Green where he was supplied with his papers. Ruskin's parents took possession of the Denmark Hill house in 1843, and, on the death of his mother, Mr. Ruskin in 1871 bought Brantwood, and gifted 28, Herne Hill, for the remainder of his lease, to his cousin on her marriage to Mr. Arthur Severn. Mr. Ruskin's earliest school was in the Denmark Hill district—that kept by the Rev. Thomas Dale in Grove Lane.

Mr. Hastings Stewart was a student at St. Mary's Hospital, where he acted as clinical clerk to Sir William Broadbent, Bart., and secured the best prizes and scholarships. After holding the office of Resident Surgeon at the Lock Hospital and Westminster General Dispensary, he travelled extensively to gain a knowledge of the influence of habits and climate in the treatment of disease. He is a member of the Röntgen Society, an expert X-rayer, and has a large consultant practice at 8, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly. I give Dr. Hastings Stewart's portrait with much pleasure, as he has devoted himself with considerable self-sacrifice to his responsible public duties.

The principal saloons in Mr. Gordon Bennett's new yacht, the *Lysistrata*, which is being built by Messrs. Denny, at Dumbarton, from the designs of Mr. G. L. Watson, are to be decorated and furnished by Warings. The *Lysistrata* will be the largest private yacht afloat.



DR. HASTINGS STEWART, OF 8, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, MEDICAL EXAMINER FOR IMPERIAL YEOMANRY GOING TO "THE FRONT."

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.

Miss Rosie Loftus Leyton, who is now appearing as "principal boy" in "The Forty Thieves" pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Islington, is a very clever and good little girl. She is full of vivacity, effervescence, grace, and fun, but is never coarse. Plenty of fun at the Grand!



MISS ROSIE LOFTUS LEYTON, A SPRIGHTLY "BOY" IN "THE FORTY THIEVES," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

"The Bells" will shortly be seen in the form of an opera in four acts. It is to be produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, M. Victor Maurel representing Sir Henry Irving's famous character, Mathias, the Burgomaster. M. Camille Erlanger is the composer. He is not unknown in London, two of his works having been performed at Covent Garden. The story has been closely followed in the libretto, and the dramatic spirit of the subject is cleverly illustrated in the music. Curiously enough, the story of the Polish Jew was popular in Alsace long before it was taken in hand by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, and afterwards adapted for the stage. We shall most likely see the opera at Covent Garden, where it would probably be well received, owing to the striking and romantic subject. Great pains will be taken at the Opéra-Comique to realise the picturesque incidents, and, now that great improvements are made in the Covent Garden stage, the Royal Opera management will be able to present the opera with all possible effect. I am told that, if produced in London, M. Maurel will appear as the Burgomaster. I hope so, as he is a splendid actor.

Madame Patti has kindly promised to sing at the Royal Italian Opera on Feb. 22, at the Concert, to be given in place of the dramatic performance originally intended, in aid of the Fund for the Wives and Children of Officers. Several other famous vocalists will also assist, and the Concert is certain to be a brilliant and successful one.

It is impossible to glance at the pages of "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack" and not arrive at the conclusion that the editor, Mr. Sydney H. Pardon, and those who assist him are enthusiastic over their work. In the thirty-seventh edition, just issued, the whole of last season's doings are recounted in a style which, though concise, is remarkably clear and complete. The record of the Australian team's English tour renders the volume additionally attractive, and it is noteworthy that three of the Colonials—J. Darling, M. A. Noble, and C. Hill—are included in the portrait-page of "Five Cricketers of the Season." Of course, some remarks appear on "Suggested Reforms," and, as these are contributed by Lord Harris and Mr. A. G. Steel, they will doubtless command much attention. Mr. W. J. Ford deals with "Public School Cricket in 1899," and the editor has pleasantly placed before his readers particulars of the brilliant cricket career of Dr. E. M. Grace, who has, in forty-nine years, taken 10,006 wickets and scored 72,482 runs. A feeling of sadness is created by the notices of those who "fell by the way" in 1899, but one would not have them omitted, for they help materially to make "Wisden" a history of cricket valuable to all who take more than a passing interest in our glorious summer pastime.

It is quite extraordinary how many of the present generation of our players gained their early experience under the late Sarah Thorne's guiding hand. In the present revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" both Miss Miriam Clements and Miss Sarah Brooke began their career in Miss Thorne's stock company, which played at Margate and Chatham alternately. Miss Clements made her bow in "The Heir-at-Law," whilst later on she achieved considerable success as Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." Miss Brooke, on the other hand, made her first local "hit" as Leah. Then, again, in the revival of "Money," at the Comedy, both Miss Gertrude Barnett and Mr. Robertshaw were prominent members of Miss Thorne's company.

Little by little, Paris seems determined to live up to the title of the "Ville Lumière." After appeals by the thousand, the Place de l'Opéra is now lighted on the nights when no performance is on, and now the Gardens of the Tuileries are to be illuminated at night. But when will the Champs Elysées be attended to? At the present moment this much-vaunted place is one of the worst-lighted and most dangerous quarters in the city.

Miss Fanny Clayton is "principal boy" in "Puss in Boots," with Messrs. E. and O. Wingfield's pantomime company, at the Prince of Wales's, Southampton. She commenced her career three years ago, playing Fairy Queen at Bristol with no previous experience, afterwards toured with "My Girl," and was "second boy" two years ago at



MISS FANNY CLAYTON, "PRINCIPAL BOY" IN "PUSS IN BOOTS," WINGFIELD'S TOURING PANTOMIME COMPANY.

Photo by Day and Co., Norwich.

Sheffield. Then she toured with the "King's Sweetheart" Company, after which she joined Mr. George Edwardes's No. 1 "Greek Slave" Company, and toured with it until last December, when she commenced rehearsing for her present engagement.

SIR CHARLES WARREN, WHO COMMANDS THE FIFTH DIVISION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

When the announcement was publicly made, a short time ago, that Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, K.C.B., was to have a command in Natal, it was universally felt in Service circles that this time the War Office had distinctly "scored." "Warren will push things along a bit," confidently predicted the veterans at the Military Clubs, and forthwith a feeling of pleasurable anticipation succeeded the former one of despondency that, despite every effort to the contrary, had, nevertheless, possessed them.

As the recent reports from "the front" have abundantly manifested, the sanguine expectations generated in Club smoking-rooms have already been more than justified. The man on whom the hopes of these old warriors were thus centred has not failed them, for only last week the news of his advance across the bullet-swept slopes in the face of the strongly intrenched enemy blocking the road to Ladysmith reached us.

At the time of writing, the story of the fierce fighting is necessarily but fragmentary and disjointed. Enough, however, has been received to make it clear that it was carried out in a manner that was thoroughly representative of its performer, namely, boldly and vigorously. The fact is, Sir Charles has no other way of doing things. He is nothing of a *beau sabreur*, nor is he in the least conspicuous for any of the "dashing" characteristics with which lady novelists delight to endow their "military" heroes. Better than this, however, he is resourceful and energetic, and ever since he first joined the Army—as a subaltern of the Royal Engineers in 1857—these sterling qualities have strongly marked his every action. Consequently, the two-and-forty years which he has devoted almost continuously to the service of his country have been occupied by him with the undertaking of an amazing amount of good and useful work. Warren, however, like his illustrious chief, Lord Roberts, is one of those Generals who "does not advertise," and for this reason, accordingly, the details of his long career have been but little heard of, comparatively speaking. Yet, when the tale of these is considered, this circumstance is extremely remarkable, for there are few soldiers still on the active list who have seen and done even a tithe of what Sir Charles has.

In examining the main incidents in the public life of this distinguished soldier, one is struck at the very outset by the extraordinary "many-sidedness" which their performer must be possessed of. In fact, Sir Charles may be described as being an "all-round" man of the most pronounced type. Thus, in addition to being a most able leader in the field (as proved by his services in the Galeka War of 1878 and the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884), he has come to the front as an explorer in the Holy Land, an instructor in the art of surveying at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, and author of various volumes upon Palestine, and as an Administrator of Government in Griqualand West. Then, he has also held important military commands at Suakin, the Straits Settlements (where he has temporarily acted as Governor), and in the Thames District. To the majority of people, however, Sir Charles will perhaps be best

known for his brief occupancy of the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police. Assuming this post towards the end of 1886 (on his return from Egypt), he resigned it in 1888.

Short, however, as was the period during which he held it, it was, nevertheless, one that was pregnant with incident. The latter part of 1887 was a time of great public excitement and unrest, and in November of this year Lord Salisbury's prophetic misgivings as to a concerted protest by the Socialists against the recent imprisonment of Mr. W. O'Brien were fully justified. Thus, on a memorable Sunday—despite Sir Charles Warren's express prohibition—a huge mob assembled in Trafalgar Square. So vast was this in number, and so riotous in behaviour, that the police were powerless to maintain order. Free-fighting ensued, and was not finally suppressed until detachments of the Guards and the Household Cavalry appeared on the scene.

"A policeman's life," as Mr. Gilbert has assured us, "is not a happy one!" Accordingly, it is not surprising to find that, in 1888, Sir Charles resigned his office. After a brief and well-earned period of leisure, he returned to military employment, first as commander of the Royal Engineers at Shorncliffe, and then as commander of the troops in the Straits Settlements. During the five years in which he held this latter appointment, he identified himself with securing the well-being of the garrison here in a number of ways, and to this day his memory is kept alive at the Straits. Owing to a *penchant* which he had for practising the troops there in turning out to repel imaginary night-attacks, it is said by those who served with him at the time that he was commonly known as "Wakeful Warren."

Shortly after his return to England (in 1894), he was selected to succeed Major-General B. L. Forster in the command of the troops in the Thames District, and occupied this post from 1895 to 1898. When our unfortunate reverses in the early days of the present Transvaal War created an imperative demand for soldiers of proved ability to hold commands there, an appointment in the field was naturally found for Sir Charles Warren. This was to command the Fifth Division, which he has just led so gallantly across the Tugela.

It is interesting to recall that, besides the famous Admiral Cochrane, Lord Dundonald had a more remote ancestor whose bravery and gallantry also merit everlasting remembrance. When Sir John Cochrane lay in prison at Edinburgh under sentence of death in 1685, the King was obdurate to all the efforts to save his life. He signed the death-warrant, and sent it by post to Scotland. The resource and courage of Lady Grizell, Sir John's daughter, proved equal to the occasion, and by her daring she saved her father from the gallows. A few miles south of Berwick she found the post-boy asleep in a change-house, drew the charges from his pistols, and, later on, dressed in male attire, encountered him as a highwayman, obtained possession of his bags, destroyed the death-sentence, and rode in haste to Edinburgh.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., WHO LED HIS DIVISION SO SKILFULLY ACROSS THE TUGELA.

Recent photo by Gregory, Strand.

THE BRAVE AND GALLANT NATAL MOUNTED POLICE.



DISMOUNTED PARADE.



SIGNALLING DRILL.



OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATTALION CAMERON HIGHLANDERS, NOW AT "GIB."

The 2nd Camerons were chosen for the 8th Division, going to South Africa, but the order was countermanded. The 1st Battalion (the old 79th), now in Egypt, has been ordered to hold itself in readiness for "the Front."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELDRIDGE, COLCHESTER.



A PILL-BOX FOR THE BOERS: MAXIM-GUN OF THE 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS (CARABINIERS).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

One of the most interesting photographs of Ruskin was that taken by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, which shows him in a group with Bell Scott and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Ruskin has his arm linked in Rossetti's; both are bareheaded, while Scott, standing a little apart, wears a bowler hat, the photograph being taken in a garden.

The caretakers and vergers of many foreign cathedrals and churches have still the kindest memories of Ruskin. At St. Ouen, the famous Rouen church of which he wrote so lovingly, an old verger told me, a few years ago, that he used constantly to wait upon Mr. Ruskin while he made his drawings. "He knew the church as well as I do myself—all its furniture and decorations and treasures." At Venice, on the other hand, I found last year that Ruskin's memory was somewhat dimmed. Everybody could talk about Browning, and it was wonderful how much the common people seemed to know about Byron; but neither in the city nor at Torcello, nor at the Armenian Convent, did any of my guides volunteer a word about Ruskin.

On the other hand, no modern guide-books have superseded "Stones of Venice" for the visitor. Mr. Hare has made full use of that great work in his convenient handbooks, but I noticed that most people had procured the book for themselves. Some of Ruskin's book may be forgotten, but such exquisite passages as his description of the tombs of Andrea Dandolo or Tomaso Mocenigo must belong for ever to the Bible of Venice. Every visitor to Verona should possess his lecture on "Verona and its Rivers," delivered to the Royal Institution in 1870, and first published in full in 1894.

Few journalists of our time worked harder than Mr. G. W. Stevens. He may literally be said to have worn himself to death in his profession. Most men would have taken a long rest after the Soudan campaign, especially in view of the great success of his book, but he set out almost at once for India, and returned to undertake the fatiguing work of the Dreyfus Trial at Rennes. No wonder that when he sailed for South Africa his friends thought him looking ill and exhausted. One of his last important letters described the victory at Eland's Laagte. It is easy to imagine how he must have chafed under his confinement in Ladysmith, knowing that so many of his comrades were enjoying the free life of camps.

It is probable that Mr. Stevens's fame will live longest in connection with his Khartoum book. Everyone read it; everyone wanted to possess it. In his volume on India, brilliant as it is in many chapters, especially in the descriptions of the Southern temples, there are evident signs of strain. The style bears traces of the immense fatigue of his journey. The Dreyfus letters were remarkably interesting. Mr. Stevens was evidently by no means convinced of the prisoner's innocence. It is to be hoped he has left us some account of the past two months in Ladysmith.

"Yeoman Fleetwood," by M. E. Francis (Longmans), will, I am sure, take its place among the best novels of the year. The descriptions of Brighton under the Regent are specially admirable, and Mrs. Blundell tells us in the preface how she came to know this part of her subject so well. A relative, Lord Stourton, was the intimate friend and adviser of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the recipient of her confidences, and one of the three trustees of the celebrated papers which still remain at Messrs. Coutts's bank. It is from Mrs. Fitzherbert's narrative to Lord Stourton that M. E. Francis is indebted for many details of the unfortunate lady's career. In the novel, Mrs. Fitzherbert acts as the good angel of the hero, Simon Fleetwood, and, by showing him the private entrance into the Pavilion, enables him to rescue his young wife from the Regent and his set. The character of Simon Fleetwood is one of the noblest in recent fiction, and the book, as a whole, will greatly enhance the author's reputation. To many readers it will come as a fresh revelation of Georgian history.

The war-poems of the past four months would fill a bulky volume, but only a very few out of the mass deserve to live. One of the best is Mr. Henry Newbolt's poem in the *Spectator*, "The Only Son," which might have been meant as a sequel to "Clifton College Chapel."

Messrs. Hutchinson have published a translation of M. de Saint-Amand's book on Louis Napoleon and Mdle. de Montijo, better known as the Empress Eugénie. There is a remarkably fine portrait of the Empress at the age of twenty-six. To English readers, much of the book is uninteresting, but the love-chapters at the end have a fascination of their own. The facts seem mostly gathered at second-hand. The story of the engagement of Napoleon and Eugénie at Compiègne is quoted from Maupas ("Mémoires sur le Second Empire").

The quotations from the English papers at the time of the marriage in 1853 show that Napoleon's choice was cordially approved in this country. The *Standard* observed that, as His Majesty was now at the mature age of forty-five, no one could say that his marriage was hastily undertaken. The *Times* said the future Empress combined by birth the energy of the Spanish and Scottish races, and that she was made not merely to adorn the throne, but to defend it in the hour of danger. The book is naturally a sad one, but it ought to find many readers in the Empress Eugénie's adopted country. The translation, by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, is perhaps a little stiff; there are too many such phrases as "an ocular witness" instead of "an eye-witness." O. O.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

In the early part of January the market is flooded with works which Charles Lamb catalogued as "Books which are no books—biblia-à-biblia, Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket-Books, &c." Every trade, profession, or calling appears now to have its year-book—Clerical, Professional, Military, Naval, Foreign, and Colonial, all are served with their books of reference. Of books which are of a more readable character, the most noticeable during the past month have been Biographical.

In this department of literature we have several of great interest both socially and politically. Foremost amongst them is the Memoir of the fascinating and amiable

DUCHESS OF TECK,

by C. Kinloch Cooke. This work is rich in association, and every page will be read with special interest on account of the recent death of the Duke of Teck at the White House, where Princess Mary and the Duchess of York spent so many happy years. Engrossing to Churchmen has been

"THE LIFE OF DR. BENSON,"

late Archbishop of Canterbury, by his son, who has performed a difficult task with judgment and discretion. For anecdote and personal narrative no better could be found than "Recollections from 1832 to 1886," by the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West. Of a different type is Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Wellington," already reviewed in *The Sketch*. The late famous President of the Royal Academy,

SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS,

has had the story of his life told by his son, Mr. J. G. Millais. Here also is contained a fund of anecdote, both artistic and sportive, for Sir John Millais was an adept alike in his profession and in the world of sport. "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson" are partly biographical and partly social. They appeal to all lovers of literary style, and by their publication we have another name added to those who are foremost in the annals of English letter-writing. The following are also amongst the books which many are reading—

CLEMENT SCOTT'S "DRAMA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY,"

Charles Hiatt's "Record and Review of Sir Henry Irving," written with the sanction and under the supervision of Sir Henry himself, and

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S STORY OF HIS MUSICAL LIFE.

Sir Edward Russell's "Editor's Reminiscences," and "Fasti Etonensis: A Biographical History of Eton," by A. C. Benson, also repay perusal.

GOOD READABLE FICTION

is almost a necessity to relieve the monotony of the sick-room. Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "The Splendid Porsena" is a pleasing story of modern life. "Outside the Radius," by Pett Ridge, is a well-told story of suburban London. Full of breathless excitement are "Tales of Space and Time," by H. G. Wells, and Bart Kennedy's "A Man Adrift" will be found full of weird and picturesque records of a tramp's adventurous life.

"JANICE MEREDITH," BY P. L. FORD,

comes with a great reputation from America, where over one hundred thousand copies have been sold. This is a well-written novel of the War of Independence. It is a very long but a very fascinating story. "The Princess Xenia," by H. B. Marriott Watson, is a novel of "The Prisoner of Zenda" type. Egypt and the Khalifa is the burden of E. Livingston Prescott's "Illusion." A good Irish story and full of bright and beautiful Irish girls is

KATHARINE TYNAN'S "SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY."

The author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has produced a charming story in "The De Willoughby Claim," which can be thoroughly recommended. "The White Dove," by W. J. Locke, is from the pen of one of our new but most promising authors. A most enjoyable story is

"PARSON KELLY," BY A. E. W. MASON AND ANDREW LANG.

The scenes are principally in England, with sketches of London life during the period of the Pretender and the early days of George I. A novel full of dramatic incident will be found in "An Obscure Apostle," translated from the Polish, and dealing with the misfortunes of the Jews in that distressful part of Russia. In general literature,

MR. FREDERICK HARRISON'S "ESSAYS ON TENNYSON, RUSKIN, AND MILN."

will be found full of critical sympathy and literary force. Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" needs only to be mentioned, as "everybody" is just now reading this famous drama in prose.

In "The Backwater of Life," by the late James Payn, some good reading will be found. To all lovers of the Ceramic Art

MR. F. LITCHFIELD'S "POTTERY AND PORCELAIN"

will prove not only a guide upon this interesting and fascinating subject, but an exhaustive work upon the different Schools, their styles and characteristics.

DR. FITCHETT'S PATRIOTIC STORY, "HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE,"

will repay reading, especially as we are just now trying to save another continent for civilisation. I was very glad to see *The Sketch* recently gave a page portrait and a literary "appreciation" of this extremely patriotic and picturesque writer.



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE AS SAN TOY, AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,

Who to-morrow will delight playgoers with the beauty of the transformed St. James's Theatre, and with Anthony Hope's new romantic play, "Rupert of Hentzau."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND HIS NEW PLAYHOUSE, DRAMA, AND DOG.

When I entered the managerial sanctum of my old friend, George Alexander, a few days ago, I was, I must confess, a little startled. The cause of this startling was my ingress being suddenly barred by a huge boarhound, headed like a hippopotamus, and opening its extensive jaws as though to say to me, as his master had just said, "Come in!" only with a different meaning. Having heard that the power of the human eye is an infallible queller of your wild animal, I forthwith—and not, I fear, without some lack of faith—began to staringly apply this remedy. To be strictly candid with you, however, it is necessary to state that it was really the managerial voice, rather than the journalistic eye, that soothed the potentially savage beast. Whereupon I boldly entered.

When I was presently introduced to this member of the Alexandrian company, I found that his name was Boris, and that he was "specially engaged" to represent the canine character of the same name in Mr. Anthony Hope's new sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," namely, "Rupert of Hentzau," with which Mr. Alexander will open his new St. James's Theatre to-morrow evening. Boris's character is, as many readers of Mr. Hope's sequel will remember, a terribly tragic part, and, from what I have already seen of this canine tragedian, I am prepared to believe that he will become quite a Betterton among Bow-wows!

As to "Rupert of Hentzau," it is enough to say at this present that its story shows how the villainous young Rupert of the "Zenda" play three years later seeks to wreck and destroy the brave English youth, Rassendyll, who had so extensively helped the nation of Ruritania during its Royal and other troubles. Rupert's revenge also takes in a conspiracy to ruin the fair fame of the sweet young Princess Flavia. How Rassendyll, which character (like that of the restored King) is again played by Mr. Alexander, foils the unscrupulous Rupert—enacted by Mr. H. B. Irving—need not be "given away."

Mr. Alexander has, he tells me, arranged (and wisely, as I think) to run "The Prisoner of Zenda" at matinées, so that those who want to follow up the Zenda "cycle," as it were, can do so. But, from other points of view, the revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is politic, for it is still a highly popular story. Indeed, I find sundry earnest clergy-men with whom I have the privilege to be acquainted now using this stirring romance of Mr. Hope's as part of the "curriculum" for budding youths in their Sunday-afternoon classes. Why, therefore, should this Hope be in any sense deferred?

It is necessary now to give *Sketch* readers some account of the kind of new St. James's Theatre they are to expect, when Mr. Alexander and his admirable lieutenants, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith (acting-manager) and Mr. H. H. Vincent (stage-manager), simmer down into their regular places, and the chaos of scaffold-poles and platforms which I found around finally disappears. Then will you see that the new St. James's is as superior to the old one as—well, say, as Shakspeare is to Ibsen. Firstly, and not altogether unimportantly, you can see all over the place in the new house, a state of things which did not prevail in the old one, for it had no proper "rake" either to the floor or the stage. The next and still more important improvement is the adding of numerous exits—exits not only intended for the public safety, but also for that of the players, who are too often neglected in this regard.

The whole plan of the auditorium and stage has been changed, all sorts of old offices, lumber-stores, and rooms (haunted and otherwise) having been cleared away and used for increasing the seating capacity and for making every seat, however humble in price, thoroughly comfortable—which was not the case before at the St. James's even in the stalls. In place of the old-time stuffy and dingy gallery and pit, gallery and pit patrons will now find roomy and airy provision and a splendid line of sight. These patrons, as well as stall and box folk, have been provided with many lovely bars wherein to "refresh" and eke to smoke. As to box-folk, there cannot now be many of these, for Mr. Alexander has ruthlessly swept away all the stage-boxes but

two. This is indeed wise, for the old ones were eyesores, as well as eye-hinderers to some who happened to sit anywhere near them.

In short, the entire auditorium—and everything else around it—is brand-new, nothing of the old theatre being left but the four walls. The new theatre has been sunk ten feet, and the roof both of the auditorium and the stage considerably raised. The said stage is now of a size to take the largest of spectacular productions, and it can also be arranged to fit the cosiest settings of comparatively sceneless domestic comedy and similar works. The ventilation seems perfect, the new machinery employed serving to cool the air in summer and to warm it in the winter. The decorations, as far as the samples thereof one could catch between the scaffolding, are very striking. Indeed, they are mostly what "The Wreck" in "The Gay Lord Quex" would call "very allurin'." So lavish has Mr. Alexander been in his alterations and improvements, so regardless of expense has he been in arranging for the comfort of his patrons (which he was not free to do until now), that I make no doubt that, other things—such as play-stock—being equal, he will draw at most

performances the additional fifty pounds per show which the new theatre can take in. If *Sketch* readers do not fall into enthusiasm when they behold this new and beautiful theatre decorated with the Arms of its patron Saint and with the mystic initials "G. A.," let me (as Lord Chamberlain Polonius might say) be no assistant to *The Sketch*, but keep a farm and carters.

Touching Mr. Alexander's play-projects for his new histrionic home, he will, he tells me, follow "Rupert of Hentzau" with Mr. Grundy's new comedy, "A Debt of Honour" (already mentioned in *The Sketch*), and not (as some have said) with "Paolo and Francesca," by the New Poet, Mr. Stephen Phillips, sometime an actor. This poetic play, however, will probably come after "A Debt of Honour." This poem-play is a simple and chaste work, with nothing violent about its tragic issues. Indeed, it is rather refined than otherwise, as all can see who care to purchase the published book, which is at present rather expensive for one small play. "Paolo and Francesca" reads well, but the best theatrical expert, whoever and wherever he may be, cannot safely predict how a play will act until it is on the stage with an audience in front of it. As to "A Debt of Honour," Mr. Alexander may yet, I surmise, find it needful to change the title, for, although Mr. Grundy some time back told the present writer (who promptly told *The Sketch*) that he had arranged long ago with the late Fred W. Broughton to use this title, the P.W. has happened on another play or two of the same name since. However, there is plenty of time for all that to be arranged. In the meantime, Londoners will be glad—and our provincial brethren will be sorry—to learn that Mr. Alexander, having been away from the Metropolis so long, has registered a vow not to go touring this year. A little over a twelvemonth hence, however, he will pay a visit to our friend America, taking in his play-trunk the hereinbefore-mentioned pieces, plus, mayhap, the picturesque production of Shakspeare's "Henry the Fifth" which he has so long contemplated. Concerning his long-talked-of appearance as Hamlet (which we, of course, all expect of him), Mr. Alexander still preserves a mystic silence, a silence made still more tantalising by that mysterious smile of his—a smile he seems to have caught from his old-time beloved chief and friend, Sir Henry Irving. H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MR. ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "Rupert of Hentzau," the play with which Mr. George Alexander opens the new St. James's Theatre to-morrow night. Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photograph: "The Sketch," 198, Strand.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

HOW OUR STATESMEN SPEAK.

Pathetic interest attends Lord Salisbury's reappearance in the House of Lords. On first-nights he is usually the principal attraction, and this Session he has a special claim to the sympathy of the Peers. Much, however, as they may admire and trust the Prime Minister, he does not evoke great affection. He stands aloof from the everyday interests of the average peer. Even in his speeches in the House of Lords he overlooks his immediate audience. Turning his face two-thirds towards the Reporters' Gallery, his eyes assume a far-off expression, and his faculties seem absorbed in the speech which he composes as he goes along. To read his speeches is better now than to listen to them. His voice is lower than it was in his prime. It is intensely interesting, however,

without a party. He sits near the bar, separated by a gangway from his old colleagues.

The speeches of the "official" Liberal peers do not compensate the House for Lord Rosebery's seclusion. Lord Kimberley speaks shrewdly and sensibly, but he has no popular graces: Lord Spencer and Lord Ripon also are ineffective in debate. Lord Tweedmouth is vigorous but loose and redundant. On the other side, "the old guard" sit behind the officers of the day in silence. The Duke of Richmond, once a leader, follows *sans phrase*; Lord Cranbrook, once the champion of the country commons, makes no effort to recall his fame; the Duke of Rutland serves as a most fine and noble relic of the generation in which Disraeli glittered.

In the other House, Mr. Chamberlain is the prince of debaters. Stately, ornate oratory has gone out of fashion. It disappeared with Mr. Gladstone. The style which the young men copy is Mr. Chamberlain's. It is direct and incisive, never soaring high, and, on the other hand,



MISS MINNA BLAKISTON

Portrays Sophie Fullgarney in Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's "Gay Lord Quex" Company on tour as if to the manner born. She is a bewitching young actress of much promise, who has thoroughly grasped the author's conception, and plays throughout with consistency and ability.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEATH, PLYMOUTH.

to watch the heavy, tall figure and the noble head, so distinguished even in a distinguished company; and what Lord Salisbury says is still as crisp and trenchant, as neatly phrased and as salted with cynicism, as any of his earlier utterances.

Only one other peer excited equal interest. The Duke of Argyll was, in his day, a greater Parliamentary orator than Lord Salisbury, but out of the Duke's speeches the fire has almost flickered. Lord Salisbury's only rival is Lord Rosebery, and the voice of the latter has become strange. He visits the House of Lords only once or twice a Session. From that House, like Hades, there is no exit. That is the lament of Lord Rosebery's life. He would have been much happier among the Commons. Yet the Lords hear him gladly, if not sympathetically. His oratory is freer and more eloquent though less stately than Lord Salisbury's. His gestures are more emphatic than frigid peers consider quite correct. Lord Rosebery has dared even to shout, and once or twice he has thumped the table. But, meantime, he is

rarely missing the point; it appeals almost entirely to the intellect, scarcely at all to the heart or the imagination. Nothing interests the House more than a bellicose speech by Mr. Chamberlain. It is so dexterous, so remorseless. If there is a weak point in his adversary's armour, he will discover it and send a dart through it.

Mr. Balfour varies. Frequently he is languid, and flounders in the face of the House. At other times, when attacked, he speaks with immense nervous force. Nothing is more remarkable about him than the suddenness with which he throws off the lounging dilettante, and becomes the animated controversialist. He is always dignified in manner, and rarely resorts to personalities. His appearance is in his favour. The tall, slim figure, the grave, mobile face, the finely shaped head, with the hair curling at the ear and turning grey, form an agreeable picture. His old habit of placing his feet on the table has not quite deserted him. Sometimes he is in that easy attitude when he writes his letter to the Queen. Other leaders are limned in "Small Talk."—THE GALLERY.

MR. W. G. ELLIOT AND MISS RUTH MAITLAND

IN "A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS," AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.



The first cloud that passes over the honeymoon is called up by the bride's resolve to wear knickerbockers.



To the vast indignation of the bridegroom, she puts the dreadful threat into execution.



He retaliates by putting on her new silk skirt, which he refuses to remove until she dresses reasonably and not "rationally."



Just as he has given up all hope of victory, he finds that a determined if undignified method of warfare has conquered. The honeymoon comes out from behind the cloud.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

HERR SEETH AND HIS TROUPE OF TWENTY-ONE LIONS.

We no longer held our breath. The nervous tension which had kept the crowded house spellbound while Herr Seeth, the great lion-tamer, was exhibiting his wonderful troupe of twenty-one performing lions, was at last relaxed, for he had dismissed his charges to their dens, and now he was standing, the cynosure of every eye, and gracefully bowing his



HERR JULIUS SEETH, LION-TAMER.

Photo by Meyer, Stettin.

acknowledgments in response to the plaudits which seemed as if they would never cease. The applause was truly well deserved, for probably never before had a more remarkable exhibition been given of the domination of the human will over brute intelligence. The peril run by the performer gave, undoubtedly, an alluring zest to the entertainment; and Herr Seeth ran no fanciful risk. If any one of those twenty-one lions had turned "nasty" and gone for him, the majority of the others would have followed suit, as he afterwards told me, and vain would have been the help of man, for no succour could have reached the performer there in the midst of that huge arena. However, Herr Seeth knows his customers, and from one or two special animals he never turns away his glance. Besides, since he was a boy of fifteen, he has trained every

variety of wild beast, while, in turn, he has exhibited troupes of elephants, lions, tigers, hyenas, and leopards in every capital of Europe and before every Crowned Head. However, he has only once before been in England, and that was during the Jubilee year, when he exhibited a number of lions before the Queen at Olympia, and on that occasion a couple of cubs held in Herr Seeth's arms came in for a commendatory notice from the Royal party.

"Yes, I have been at the work ever since I left school," Herr Seeth remarked to me, after he had fed his lions, had settled one or two incipient fights among the most turbulent, and had put them into their respective cages. "It is true, however, that I did take a holiday after I came out of hospital, where I had been for two and a-half months."

"Ah, tell me about that! Had you had an accident?" I queried.

"Indeed, yes, and a bad one too! It was while I was giving an entertainment in Paris in 1891, entitled 'Nero,' which illustrated the giving of the Christian martyrs to the lions in the Colosseum. The martyrs were represented by figures of straw clothed in white robes, on which were flaming red crosses, while beneath these some raw meat to attract the lions was concealed. I was similarly attired, but I was minus the beefsteaks. On the lions' dens being opened, in rushed the beasts and fell on the martyrs, but on this occasion one of the most savage of the lions, strange to say, went for me. He caught me by the legs, threw

"Yes, I was a little off lions, I must confess, so I took a cottage and rusticated. But, somehow, I pined for the old life, and my wife saw what was the matter, and, perceiving there was no other remedy, at length consented to my going back to business."

"It has puzzled me how you ever came to be in Abyssinia. You couldn't have taken lions there? It would have been like taking coals to Newcastle."

"Just so!" Herr Seeth replied, with a hearty laugh that shook his herculean figure—6 ft. 2 in. in his stockings and kicking the beam at 18 stone. "It was in this way. I was staying with my brother-in-law in Zürich, soon after I gave up my cottage and my garden. At the same time one of the Emperor Menelik's Ministers, who is a Swiss, was also visiting his relations. Well, this gentleman became so interested in my lion-training that he insisted on taking away photographs of my feats to show 'his Emperor,' as he described the Abyssinian monarch. Judge, then, of my astonishment when, some months afterwards, I received a seductive offer to go to Abyssinia and put my training of wild lions to the proof. I went, and I had no cause to regret it. Indeed, I was treated like a Royal personage on my arrival, and regarded almost as if I were an omnipotent magician after I had entered an enclosure containing no less than twenty-seven wild lions, who, never having seen a white man before, were thoroughly scared, hurried away, and huddled together up in a corner directly I advanced towards them. The Emperor was amazed. He declared I must be a mesmerist. He had never seen such a sight. The upshot was that I was ordered to train three of these lions to perform the same tricks he had seen illustrated in the photographs. I remonstrated. I said it would take months, and I must get back to Europe. But the Minister intimated, by a significant gesture in the proximity of the jugular vein, that my professional engagements were not considered matters of much importance in Abyssinia."

"How very unpleasant! Well, what did you do?"

"Do? Why, I set to work to train those three lions, and plenty of overtime they had. I can assure you. However, in eleven days I got the beasts to perform their tricks to the satisfaction of the Emperor, who stood on the flat roof of a native house to view the show. Indeed, he was so pleased that he gave me the lot to take home—as a keepsake, I suppose. You saw the greater number of them to-night."

"They are not all from Abyssinia, I believe?"

"No, there are one or two which I purchased in Europe. Louis, as ugly in face as in temper, I got from Bostock and Wombwell. He is about eight years old. Leo is one of the largest, and is fully fifteen years old. It was his brother I had to shoot in Frankfort. He was a perfect devil! Yes, yes—Abdullah, Menelik, and Sultan are all from Abyssinia."

Then Herr Seeth went on to describe how he trained his lions, which is by indefatigable trouble and judicious firmness, aided by rewards in the shape of special food. By the way, his lions regularly get from fifteen to eighteen pounds of meat once a-day. The full-grown lions, he told me, weighed from four to five hundredweight, and one of the larger ones he used to carry on his shoulders round the arena, but it tried his legs too much. He finds the half-grown beast he now shoulders quite burdensome.

By way of a last question, I casually said, "You were fortunate in not having been attacked but that once in Paris?"

"Oh, no; that was by no means the only time! In Barcelona a lion attacked me in a close cage, and we fought and wrestled like gladiators for a good quarter of an hour. First one was down, and then the other. At last I got him fairly by the throat and choked him. But I came out of that cage with no less than twenty-seven wounds. Believe me, lion-taming is no child's play," he smilingly remarked as I took my leave, his friendly cries of "Auf wiedersehen!" growing fainter in the distance as I found my way into Leicester Square.

T. H. L.



HERR SEETH'S PET LION.

Photo by Karoly, Nottingham.



HERR SEETH'S FOREST-BRED LIONS.

Photo by Karoly, Nottingham.

me down, and worried my thighs and legs as a terrier would a rat. Yelling for a crowbar, I seized and forced it down his throat, and not till then did he relax his hold. That is how I came to be two and a-half months on my back in hospital."

"Then you had had enough of lions, I should say?"

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-eight (from Oct. 25, 1899, to Jan. 17, 1900) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

THE PERFORMING CATS AND DOGS.



SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE:

BUT NOT IN THE COSTUMES THEY WEAR IN THE NEW PIECE.

MISS KATIE SEYMOUR, WHO PLAYS ROSA.



MR. EDMUND PAYNE, WHO PLAYS TOMMY BANG, THE MESSENGER BOY.



MR. LIONEL MACKINDER, WHO PLAYS CLIVE RADNOR.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA, WHO PLAYS DAISY DAPPLE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE:

BUT NOT IN THE COSTUMES THEY WEAR IN THE NEW PIECE.



MR. FRED WRIGHT, JUN., WHO PLAYS CAPTAIN POTT.



MISS VIOLET LLOYD, WHO PLAYS NORA.



MISS CONNIE EDISS, WHO PLAYS MRS. BANG.



MR. WILLIE WARDE, WHO PLAYS PROFESSOR PHUNKWITZ.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

ARTISTS AT HOME JOHN HASSALL.

I once heard a competent critic remark, while studying one of Mr. Hassall's pictures illustrative of some humorous episode—I forget quite what at the moment—"Well! that's the first man I've come



MR. JOHN HASSALL.

across able to make cobble-stones comic." This incident may appear to be trivial and unimportant—in fact, not worth relating—but there is more in it than at first appears; indeed, it strikes the very key-note of this artist's work. No matter what environment he may select for the characters upon which the principal interest of his pictures depends, every detail, even the most minute, is carefully studied and brought into perfect harmony with the leading motive.

To say that Mr. Hassall's figures "live" is to do them but scant justice; so do those of many another. What is it, then, that renders them exceptional? They are natural, and, for the most part, familiar types, yet are imbued with some subtle quality that arrests our attention and forces us unconsciously to share the same emotions as those which they are intended to typify.

The persistent and most conscientious superficial study of all the artists' models under the sun would never bring this about, and we must, therefore, look for some explanation other than that. I think I have discovered it. It has been my endeavour up to the present in these chats to avoid, so far as has been possible, enlarging upon the personal characteristics of the subjects of them, but that is not always expedient for the end in view.

In some instances the secret of a man's work is only to be found in the disposition of the worker, and so it is in the case of Mr. Hassall.

Impassive as he may appear to the casual observer to be, he has what we commonly call a "highly strung temperament," responsive in the acutest degree to external influences. "Intensity" is one of his most salient characteristics, rendering it impossible for him to indulge in superficiality even were he inclined to do so. The observation of many of us stops on the surface of the object in view; but, face to face

with this artist, one feels that something deeper than mere appearances is undergoing searching analysis; these he sums up at a glance, and then proceeds to bring a sort of mental X-rays into operation.

The moods and emotions of his subjects are the qualities of which he sets himself to arrive at a just estimate. So it is that, in his pictures, instead of placing before us commonplace individuals, leaving them open



MR. JOHN HASSALL'S STUDIO.

to any interpretation that may be put upon them, he draws upon his memory for the conception of a certain character moved by certain emotions, represents it in such physical form as is best to convey his meaning, clothes it consistently, and sets it amidst surroundings which

immediately strike one as being absolutely fitting. In fact, he gives us what are, to all intents and purposes, crystallisations of character which tell their story with such force that, in the case of most, descriptive letterpress is superfluous.

I can do little more in this connection than give this, my impression of the guiding principle underlying all Mr. Hassall's work. Were I to commence dilating upon his easel-pictures, his posters, and last, though of equal importance, his book illustrations, many numbers of *The Sketch* would be required to contain all that might be said. But I have to speak of him "At Home," and this reminds me that there

are photographs accompanying these cursory cogitations which call for comment. The studio in Kensington Park Road is an ideal one, and, though one may visit it again and again, the interest of its treasures seems to be inexhaustible. As to my photos, first and foremost in the natural order of things come those of the man himself. Mr. Hassall never works at an easel when he can possibly avoid doing so; I have therefore snapped him in characteristic attitudes at his favourite desk, an accommodating old friend with which he would be loth to part.

Over the studio fireplace, that glows with tiles in which all the colours of the rainbow seem to vie with one another, is the artist's picture, "Birds of Prey," exhibited, together with another, at Burlington House in 1894. For the rest, here, there, and everywhere, mixed up with old tapestries, brocades, and Oriental fabrics, to



"KNOCKED OFF" AT THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB BY MR. JOHN HASSALL.



MR. JOHN HASSALL AT WORK.



END OF POSTER-ROOM, LOOKING INTO THE STUDIO.

say nothing of valuable curios from distant lands, are framed pictures, unfinished sketches, and notes made on "sudden inspiration" which are a revelation of rare versatility. Books, too, there are in plenty; but let the visitor be wary if hospitably invited to make himself at home and take down any of the volumes on a certain set of shelves! I made the attempt once, only to discover that the "A B C's," "Who's Who's," biographies, pamphlets, and other tempting works were painted upon a canvas-covered door to hide its unattractiveness. These pious frauds have been contributed at sundry and various times by Mr. Hassall's artistic friends, and, unlike many another volume which fails to attract an unappreciative public, are warranted to "sell."

Leading into the studio is the "Poster Room," the walls of which are completely covered by theatrical and other posters, all bearing the familiar signature, a capital "H" with a straight stroke through it perpendicularly, and a small "L" at the side. One end of this room is illustrated herewith. Through the curtains we get a glimpse of the artist himself, intent upon a copy of *The Sketch*, and on both sides of the door are a number of his delightful conceits which have helped not a little in enabling theatrical managers to gaze with contented mind upon the legend "House Full" through many a long run.

"The Little Genius" was one of the first—indeed, I believe the very first play to which Mr. Hassall turned his attention; and since the run of that piece (the poorness of which, by the way, even his talents were unable to redeem) there has hardly been a notable production at any of our leading theatres for which he has not devised some alluring announcement. From his representations of the funniest incidents in "A Night Out" to the final tragedy of "The Only Way," he has amused and saddened us at will, playing upon the whole gamut of our emotions. Let us hope that he will be spared to do so for many years to come.

Mr. Hassall has worked and studied in France, Holland, and Belgium, and though he can portray for us *la belle Parisienne* to the life, it is to the quaint truthfulness and picturesqueness of the old Dutch school that his taste inclines. But he is an artist of moods, not limited to any "school." It is quite impossible to say one day what he will be doing the next. While human nature is an unknown quantity, so will his renderings of it be.

The two genial old characters reproduced by way of accompaniment to the photographs of the studio are the result of an hour's work one evening at the London Sketch Club; but, though "knocked off" in so short a space of time, I should have serious misgivings as to the mental and moral condition of anyone who could study them for long with a straight face. If such there be, it would be hopeless to attempt to teach them to appreciate the powers of John Hassall.

CHATTERTON AND BACON.

There is no more romantic career in the history of English literature than that of Thomas Chatterton, the ill-starred genius who in his short career did so much extraordinary work, and by his death awoke to immortality. Although issued nearly half a century ago, the biography of Chatterton by Dr. David Masson, Emeritus Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, has been out of print for a long time, and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have been happily inspired in issuing it apart from its previous companionship of essays. In its present form, the volume is an attractive one, and its print is such as to make reading it a pleasure. Well as one may know Chatterton by his work, and well as one may be informed of the circumstances of his life, there are yet many interesting side-lights of character and observation to be gathered from this biography of an extraordinarily precocious genius.

Incidentally, the biography throws a certain light on the conditions of the life of the time, and a very fair and succinct idea can be obtained from its pages of the manners and customs of the period. Perhaps there is a trifle too much speculating on what "might have been"—"the saddest words of tongue and pen"—if certain events had occurred, to suit the modern taste, and in the revision which the book has undergone it would perhaps have been well to have reconsidered the question of stating definitely the reasons for a certain belief rather than referring to them later on. At the present time, when the letters of literary men are so much in demand, the many examples of Chatterton's to be found in this biography will be read with considerable interest, for they furnish a striking and singular proof of his capacity, and might well be mistaken for the writing of a man very considerably older than himself.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., to whom the reading public is indebted for so many and such varied pleasures, are doing by no means the least satisfactory part of their work in issuing their "Library of English Classics" at a price which places the attractive volumes in their scarlet binding and gold lettering within the means of every man or woman who reads books. Three shillings and sixpence is assuredly not much to pay for Bacon's "Essays or Counsels Civil and Moral," "The Colours of Good and Evil," and "The Advancement of Learning," which together make up the four-hundred-and-odd pages of well-printed matter. The text—in common with the other volumes of the series, which will number at least twenty-five—is both complete and accurate, and this has been the aim of the publishers, while there is a Bibliographical Note by Mr. A. W. Pollard, the Honorary Secretary of the Bibliographical Society. Under his supervision, an act of the greatest advantage to modern readers has been observed, namely, the printing of the work in modern spelling, so that the reader's pleasure is not curtailed.



AN IDLE MORNING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AS SAPHO.

Mr. Byron, of New York, has made quite a fine art of photographing theatrical scenes, and America may be justly proud of his pre-eminence in this branch. This King—or perhaps I should say, this President—of Transatlantic artistic photographers, travelled an immense number of miles expressly to secure for *The Sketch* the accompanying "Sapho" views, which should be of special interest to British theatre-goers, seeing that they represent that charming and accomplished actress, Miss Olga Nethersole, in the part of that comparatively modern Traviata of Alphonse Daudet's creation, "Sapho." Endowed with rare powers of fascination and witchery, Miss Olga Nethersole presented such a vivid embodiment of the Parisian enchantress, and achieved such a brilliant success when "Sapho" was first produced in the Far West, that she was at once engaged to assume the same rôle in New York, which gay city cannot fail to appreciate the suave seductiveness of this alluring Sapho.

The Bohemian ball at which Jean Gaussin first met Fanny Legrand—the staircase scene where he carries the fainting girl in his arms—their amours and separation—in fine, Henri Murger's Paris Bohemia of another period, are brought before the audience in this dramatic version of the old, old story, which, however censured its immorality may be, seems



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AND MR. HAMILTON REVILLE IN "SAPHO."
ACT I.: AFTER THE BALL IS OVER.

ever to possess magnetic attractiveness, whether it take the sparkling form of an opera, in "La Traviata," or of "Sapho," as impersonated to perfection by Miss Olga Nethersole.

Of the sumptuousness of Fanny Legrand's costumes, and of the handsome mounting of "Sapho" in the United States, Mr Byron's bright photographs afford a fair notion. It remains to be seen whether the acute and assiduous Licensor of Plays will grant permission for "Sapho" to be performed by Miss Olga Nethersole and company on the London stage. Should he do so, Londoners will not lag behind their friends of New York either in their appreciation of the play or of the charming player.

Miss Olga Nethersole is a thoughtful and captivating actress we can ill afford to spare from the London boards. There is a womanly charm, there is an intellectual freshness, in her performances no English stage artist excels. Youngest daughter of the late Mr Henry Nethersole, she was born in London thirty years ago, her birthday being on Jan. 18, her numerous admirers may like to know. *The Sketch* heartily wishes her "Many Happy Returns of the Day"—and a swift return to England! It is interesting to record that she made her début at the Brighton Theatre Royal, in the March of 1887, in the drama of "Harvest," by Mr. Henry Hamilton. Her last memorable appearance in town, was at Her Majesty's, where she enacted with much power the chief part in "The Termagant," which was so magnificently mounted.



Sapho.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "SAPHO," IN AMERICA: THE BALL.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AND MR. HAMILTON REVILLE IN "SAPHO," IN AMERICA

ACT II: THE LETTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

SIR HARRY SMITH.*

In 1788 there was born in these islands Harry George Wakelyn Smith, who was destined to become one of the best and most useful of the soldier-sons of that Empire which increased so enormously during his



SIR HARRY SMITH.

After whom the town of that name in South Africa is called.

career. The great battle, the battle "without a fault," as it has been dubbed, by which he is best known in military history, was fought during the Sikh War, on Jan. 28, 1846, and was recognised as a complete and splendid victory, for which Harry Smith received a baronetcy. The services which this notable soldier had given to his country were briefly and tellingly summed up by Sir Robert Peel in his speech on April 2, 1846: "He was at the capture of Monte Video; he was at the capture and attack made on Buenos Ayres; he served in the Peninsular War from the Battle of Vimeiro to the Battle of Corunna; he was wounded in action under General Crawford at Coa; he was at Sabagui; he was at the Battle of Fuentes d'Onor; he was

at the Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, he was at the Siege of Badajoz, he was at the Battle of Salamanca, he was at the Battle of Vittoria, he was at Orthes, he was at the Battle of the Pyrenees, he was at Toulouse, he was at Washington, he was at New Orleans, he was at Waterloo. What a series of gallant services, and how rejoiced am I that there should be the opportunity, through this signal victory (Aliwal), of bringing before the view of his grateful country a long life of military exertion exhibiting at all periods the unbroken spirit of military valour and military honour! After he had achieved this signal success for which we are about to give him our especial thanks, after he had thrown back the enemy, after he had driven the enemy across the river, he instantly hastened to join his Commanding Officer, Sir H. Gough. He advanced on the 8th, two days before the last victory was gained, to join the forces of Sir Hugh Gough and Sir H. Hardinge, and he then took a part, a distinguished part, in the Battle of Sobraon."

It was this man, with his fighting spirit, his vast experience, with his wonderful charm of manner, and his somewhat unfortunate temper, who was sent by the Government about a year after his great achievement in India to assume the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope. His reign extended to 1854, and during those seven years his extraordinary qualities made a marked impression upon South Africa. In both war and peace he was a success. Kaffirs and Boers learned his different moods. His tact and charm won him various bloodless victories; his temper, his experience, and determination crowned his wars with natives and with Boers with equal success. Sir Harry did not underrate his Boer antagonists, and his descriptions of his engagements with them show them to have possessed much the same qualities that their sons and grandsons have half-a-century later. Sir Harry was accompanied to Africa by his wife, to whom he was devoted, and who went everywhere with him. This lady, whose name survives in beleaguered Ladysmith, was a Spaniard, Donna Juana de Leon, with whom Sir Harry had fallen in love at first sight when campaigning in the Peninsula. The hero of Aliwal died in 1860 without issue, and his baronetcy became extinct.

* The hero of the Battle of Aliwal, in whose honour various places in South Africa received the names now so familiar to English readers.

GIFTS FOR THE "ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

I understand that Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, the well-known soapmakers of Port Sunlight, have offered, and the Secretary of State for War has accepted, five thousand tablets of Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap for the use of our troops in South Africa. The soap will accordingly be immediately despatched to the Red Cross Commissioner at "the Front." The Hospital and Ambulance Department of the Canadian contingent was also supplied with Lifebuoy Soap from the Toronto branch of Lever Brothers, Limited. The value of a disinfectant soap of such recognised reputation and efficacy as Lifebuoy Soap for use in our field-hospitals is self-evident, and the gift is sure to be much appreciated.

Messrs. J. C. Eno, Limited, have sent by the Red Cross Society's hospital-ship, *Princess of Wales*, ten cases, and are sending by the American hospital-ship, *Maine*, five cases, each case containing twelve dozen "Fruit Salt," for the use of the troops in South Africa.

The Portland ambulance, which left for the Cape on Dec. 9, carried a large supply of Bovril, the gift of a retired naval officer. The same officer has also generously supplied the hospital-ships *Maine* and *Princess of Wales* with large quantities of Bovril.

The proprietor of Beecham's Pills desires me to state that he will be pleased to send a gratis box of Beecham's Pills, postage paid, to any individual soldier now on active service in South Africa in whom any of my readers are interested, if they will send to St. Helens an address which will find their absent friend at the Seat of War. He adopts this course in consequence of having received so many letters complaining that Beecham's Pills cannot at present be obtained at "the Front."

The *Daily Telegraph* Shilling Fund for our Soldiers' Widows and Orphans is mounting up. Two or three large items headed the lists that came to hand on the first day of 1900. Four thousand shillings were from Mellin's Food, Limited, accompanied by a suggestion with which the *Daily Telegraph* at once complied. The firm are not content with supplying stores to the *Maine*, but have decided to open a children's collecting fund in aid of the little ones rendered fatherless through the war, and, in order to aid and stimulate their young friends in their endeavours, they are undertaking to add one shilling to every five collected upon cards furnished by the firm. Applications for these cards should be made to the "Soldiers' Children's Fund, Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E." The money thus gathered in will be sent to the *Daily Telegraph* for acknowledgment from time to time, and everybody knows that it will be promptly distributed throughout the country to the children of soldiers killed in the war.

During the next few weeks thousands of patriotic Yeomanry and Volunteers will be leaving for "the Front," and for their especial benefit Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., with their customary enterprise, are offering a number of specialities invaluable to the Man in the Field.

The "Campaigner" knife, fork, and spoon is in form exactly like an ordinary pocket-knife; but, by a patent contrivance, the three articles are detachable for use at will and are of a thoroughly serviceable size and quality, while the price is but five shillings, complete in a leather case.

A gun-metal watch in specially prepared, absolutely dust-proof case, rejoices in the same name, and, if reputation can vouch for anything, the "Campaigner" should prove equal to all the vicissitudes of South African warfare. Its price is £2 5s. Another necessity for a mounted soldier is the "Active Service" knife, containing two large blades of specially prepared steel fit to cut through anything, a tin-opener, cork-screw, hoof-pick, scoop, &c.; price 15s., and, complete in a pigskin case with khaki-coloured lanyard, 17s. 6d. Collapsible drinking-cups, flasks, &c., make up an assortment of suitable parting gifts which will be found lasting friends during life on the veldt.



HARRISMITH, IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE, SO-CALLED AFTER SIR HARRY SMITH, THE HERO OF THE BATTLE OF ALI WAL.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AUTOMOBILE.



"WHEN GEORGE THE FOURTH WAS KING."

Mr. Frank H. Butler,
Hon. Treasurer Automobile Club.

Hon. C. S. Rolls.
Driving 8 h.p. Panha

Mr. Roger Wallace, Q.C.,
Chairman Automobile Club.



THE AUTOMOBILE WHICH RAN FROM PARIS TO WALES (BAR THE SEA-PASSAGE).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, OXFORD.

"THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

FOR THE QUEEN: A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

(All Acting Rights Reserved by the Author.)

CHARACTERS: CAPTAIN LAMBERT (of the "Fighting Fifth"); MOLLY KEPPEL (his ward)

SCENE: CAPTAIN LAMBERT'S rooms in barracks. Half-past nine at night. The table is spread with the remains of dinner; a red-shaded lamp casts a soft light on the scene. CAPTAIN LAMBERT stands by dinner-table lighting a cigarette.

CAPTAIN (picks up newspaper) Hullo! What's this? "Ninth Artillery—ordered to 'the front'—join the *Albion* at Portsmouth." What a beastly shame! They always get ahead of us. I feel we shall never see service again. (Enter orderly with letters.) Evenin' post? (Tears open letters.) Bills! bills! bills! Confound the fellows! (Throwing them on floor.) Why, what's this? A lawyer's letter. (Looking at envelope.) Hodge and Grimley! Don't know 'em. (Reads)—

DEAR SIR—We beg to inform you our client, Mr. Joseph Poppem, is deceased. By the terms of his will, he bequeathes to you the sum of £2000 a-year, on condition that, and so long as, you undertake the guardianship of his ward, Miss Mary Keppel. Mr. Poppem desired you should be advised Miss Keppel is of wayward habits and has a strong will. She is now, so far as we can learn, at Madame Sneath's boarding-school at Clapham; but as Miss Keppel has run away from five similar establishments since January, her movements may be considered uncertain.—We beg to remain, dear Sir, . . .

What a piece of luck! Why, this will put me out of all my difficulties. I will run round to Waring's and borrow a tennor on the strength of it. £2000 a-year! (He gets hat and coat.) And a ward! That's a bit of a deadener! (Pausing in putting on his coat.) I believe I saw her photograph in Poppem's room. Ugly little brute, with a pigtail and a temper. (Puts on coat.) Well, I must ride her on the snaffle, that's all. Poppem was weak; he didn't know how to manage women. I'll give her a touch of parade manner and frighten the life out of her. (Rings. Enter orderly.) Whistle a hansom. I'll be back directly. If anyone calls, let 'em wait. (Exit.)

[A minute after, the door opens and MOLLY KEPPEL enters. She runs in swiftly, and closes door cautiously behind her; then listens for a minute and tip-toes down front of stage. She wears a black satin domino.]

MOLLY. What a squeak! I'm sure that man on the stairs saw me. I was so afraid he'd look round and see me slip in here! So Captain Lambert's gone out! A nice time of night for a man to go out! Why, it's ten o'clock! (She looks about room.) I wonder who the man on the stairs was. He looked so nice, but awfully proper. Hullo! here's his photograph! Oh, could he—could he be my guardian? (Brings photograph to lamp.) Why, his name's on it! Reggie—Reggie Lambert. It is—it is my guardian! Oh, there's a nasty domineering look about him I don't like at all! This man's a brute! Nice-looking, but a brute. I can see it in his eye. What a pity he's my guardian! If he weren't, he's just the kind of man I should like immensely—he looks so resolute and so determined. Oh, I'm sure we shan't get on! It's no use my guardians having a will of their own, poor things! (Puts photo on mantelpiece.) There, we'll put you back, and you shall be monarch of all you survey for a little bit longer. How nice it is to be in barracks again! Once a soldier, always a soldier; and once in barracks, never—no, never in a boarding-school! Me in a boarding-school! The idea's absurd! I, who was brought up with the regiment till I was twelve, and then expected to turn into a prim young lady! No one but Mr. Poppem would have thought of anything so silly. Well, I've proved my martial training. I've put to flight seventeen staffs of governesses; and now, Captain Lambert, it's your turn. Let's see if you can manage me!

[As she curtsies defiantly to photograph, the door opens and CAPTAIN LAMBERT enters.]

CAPTAIN. The charming girl I met on the stairs!

MOLLY (naïvely). You are Captain Lambert, aren't you?

CAPTAIN. Yes. Did you wish to see me? (Aside.) Perfectly bewitching!

MOLLY. Why, I did! I'm your ward, Mollie Keppel.

CAPTAIN (starting back, amazed). My ward!

MOLLY (smiling). Yes.

CAPTAIN. But they said you were at boarding-school.

MOLLY. Oh, I was—I was at lots of boarding-schools.

CAPTAIN. You're not alone?

MOLLY (nodding her head). Hin-hm!

CAPTAIN. At this time of night! What could they be thinking of?

MOLLY. Stupid! They don't know.

CAPTAIN (aghast). Don't—

MOLLY. Of course not! I've run away.

CAPTAIN (still more aghast). Run away?

MOLLY. You'll get used to it. I'm always doing it.

CAPTAIN. Good Heavens! [He sinks into a chair, horror-struck.]

MOLLY. And, of course, being your ward, I come to you. I shall always end up here. [Sits down calmly, still smiling, on sofa.]

CAPTAIN (rising in consternation). But, my dear girl, you mustn't. It's—it's most awkward. It's unheard of!

[He paces up and down room agitatedly.]

MOLLY. Oh, well, I shan't generally come here at this time—in this sort of costume, you know! (Pointing to her domino.) Things have gone a little wrong to-night. You'd better sit down, and I'll tell you all about it.

CAPTAIN (nervously). You didn't mean to stop here?

MOLLY. No. I started for the Covent Garden Ball.

CAPTAIN. From a boarding-school?

MOLLY. Yes. That was the joke. I started with my chum. We left through our bedroom-window; and her brother had a cab waiting outside, so that we could catch the eight-ten up. You see, no one could object to that, except, of course, governesses.

CAPTAIN. Well, well, well! (Impatiently.)

MOLLY. Well, in the cab my chum turned coward: her dress was a disappointment—it was not as nice as mine; and, like a cat, she had a conscientious fit, and insisted on returning.

CAPTAIN. How mean—I mean, very proper! Very proper!

MOLLY. That's just what it wasn't, for, when she went back, I was left alone with her brother—alone, for Covent Garden.

CAPTAIN. Scandalous!

[He is furious.]

MOLLY. Wasn't it! It came over me all of a sudden when the train had started. In the excitement of the rush, you understand—it was exciting.

CAPTAIN (grimly). I understand.

MOLLY. Well, I'd never thought of appearances. But when we were speeding along in the train, for the first time I looked at the brother. What do you think he'd come as? Kruger! with red hair and a squint, and the hair and the squint were natural. And I, one of the "Fighting Fifth"! (Throws off domino. She is dressed in uniform, short satin skirt, and round cap perched over her ear.) Fancy this, marching into Covent Garden on the arm of—Kruger! (Holding out skirt, and twirling round.) What do you think of it?

CAPTAIN (enthusiastically). Rippin'!—I mean, most wrong! most wrong! The whole affair's unpardonable!

MOLLY. I knew you'd be annoyed, so, directly we got into Euston, I had a conscientious fit, and, while he was hailing one hansom, I skipped into another, and here I am! It's waiting at the door. I've got all the tickets, and we can be there in no time.

CAPTAIN. There? Where?

MOLLY. Covent Garden.

CAPTAIN (horror-struck). I—take—you—to the Covent Garden Ball?

MOLLY. Good gracious! don't you jump at the chance? Oh, do come; it will be splendid fun!

CAPTAIN (aside). Gad! She's got the bit between her teeth with a vengeance. Miss Keppel, do you understand I am your guardian?

MOLLY. Yes; you've got to look after me, haven't you? (Looking through window.) He's still there.

CAPTAIN. I am in a most responsible position towards you. It's my painful duty to see that you return to school immediately.

MOLLY (in her turn amazed and horror-struck). You're not going to take me to the Ball?

CAPTAIN. There's nothing I should like so—I mean, there's nothing I should disapprove of so strongly. Ball, indeed! You return at once.

MOLLY. I can't. There isn't a train till 12.15.

CAPTAIN. All right. We'll go by that.

MOLLY (leaning against table. Meditatively). We shall arrive about three. You'll have to arouse the house.

CAPTAIN. Well, we must rouse 'em!

MOLLY. And then—what are you going to say?

CAPTAIN. Say!—Say! The truth, of course!

MOLLY. Oh, you sneak!

CAPTAIN. My dear girl, I can't let you compromise yourself any further.

MOLLY. But I haven't compromised myself. Not a soul knows I've come here.

CAPTAIN. But, to-morrow—

MOLLY. To-morrow, at 5 a.m., I shall go in with the milk. It's all arranged.

CAPTAIN. Go in with the milk! And it's not eleven yet!

MOLLY. Yes, I have five hours to put in somewhere. That's why I thought of the Ball. I can't stop here, you know.

CAPTAIN. I should think not, indeed! By George, you've landed me in a pretty mess!

MOLLY. Seems to point to the Ball, don't it?

CAPTAIN (furiously). It does nothing of the kind! (Pacing up and down.) It's a jolly muddle, and no mistake about it!

MOLLY (in a much-injured voice). You don't seem as pleased to see me as I thought you'd be.

CAPTAIN. Good Lord! I'm your guardian, and I've got to get you back somehow to-night! (Searching on revolving stand impatiently.)



A HARDY RACE.

PARSON: What's the matter, Thomas?

THOMAS: Dad's bin walloping I fur chucking stones at gran'feyther!

Where's the "Bradshaw"? Confound Simkins! He tidies up everything.

MOLLIE (*crossing to sofa; sitting down comfortably, she shakes off her domino*). It's no good looking out a train, even if there were one, Captain Lambert. I have now decided not to return to school at all.

CAPTAIN. But you're not a child. You can't stop here. What in the name of Fortune do you intend to do?

MOLLIE. Oh, I've had enough of making plans! You won't listen to them. So, as you're my guardian, you can make your own arrangements. I've no further responsibility.

CAPTAIN. But you won't do what I tell you!

MOLLIE. Certainly not, unless I approve! As you say, I'm not a child.

CAPTAIN (*aside*). By Jove! This is dear at two thousand a-year. And you refuse, you absolutely refuse, to go back to school?

MOLLIE. If we don't go to the Ball—Yes!

CAPTAIN. What am I to do with you? (*Pacing up and down room in consternation.*)

MOLLIE. Think it over. There's plenty of time yet. (*Goes to piano, sits down, and plays "We won't go home till morning."*)

CAPTAIN. Look here, I can take you down to the Colonel's wife. She'll put you up—

MOLLIE. At this time of night? In this costume? Are you mad, Captain Lambert? She'd think I was a funny sort of girl!

CAPTAIN. Well, hang it all! you are rather, aren't you?

MOLLIE. I shall not stop here to be insulted, Captain Lambert. (*She gathers her domino about her, and rises with dignity from piano.*)

CAPTAIN (*rapturously*). What! You're going?

MOLLIE. No; I've thought better of it. (*Throwing down domino, and seating herself at piano. She looks up sweetly.*) I'm sure you're too much of a gentleman to mean anything unkind.

CAPTAIN. But this is an impossible position. Think—think—if anyone came in!

MOLLIE. Most awkward! I should think of something quickly, if I were you. (*Plays "A Little Piece of String."*)

CAPTAIN (*furiously*). Stop that! (*She stops, frightened.*) If I have to rouse the barracks, back you go, and now! It's not a question of will or won't. You're going!

MOLLIE (*rising defiantly*). I'll die first!

CAPTAIN (*rings*). We'll see. (*At door.*) Simkins, a hansom!

MOLLIE. Oh, I believe you mean it!

CAPTAIN. Mean it? What did you think I was doing?

MOLLIE. Oh! I thought you were joking all the time. I never thought anyone could be so cross in earnest.

CAPTAIN. I'm not cross. (*Furiously.*) I'm simply resolved.

MOLLIE (*subsiding miserably on sofa. Tearfully*). Oh, and when I've been so good!

CAPTAIN. Good! You call this being good?

MOLLIE. I should think I do! Wasn't it good of me to give up going to the Ball with the brother, because I thought you wouldn't like it? Wasn't it good of me to come here and confess, and bring you his ticket? And now you say I've compromised myself, and want to take me back to school. (*Weeps bitterly.*)

CAPTAIN. (I believe I've been a brute.) Mollie! (*He sits down beside her.*)

MOLLIE. And you called me Miss Kep—Kep—Keppel, too! (*She buries her face in sofa-cushions.*)

CAPTAIN. Well now, I say, Mollie. Dry your eyes, there's a dear little girl, and hear reason. I'll take you to any amount of balls with a proper chaperon; on my word of honour, I will. Now stop crying and come back with me.

MOLLIE (*very tearfully*). I'm afraid I'm giving you an awful lot of trouble.

CAPTAIN. It's no trouble. I like it.

MOLLIE. I'm really to go back to school?

CAPTAIN (*with great firmness*). Really!

MOLLIE (*rises, going to glass and arranging hair*). Very well, then, I'll come. Only, you must take me to Covent Garden for an hour or two first.

CAPTAIN. No; I'll be dashed if I will!

MOLLIE. What! (*She faces round on him.*) Then it's to be a pitched battle, is it? All right. Rouse your barracks! Force me back to school! But the first thing to-morrow I'll run away again. And, if you send me back, I'll run away again, and again, and again. And I'll get such a character for running away that soon there won't be a boarding-school in the kingdom that will take me in. Send me back! Begin the struggle! And I bet you a box of chocolate you get tired first!

CAPTAIN. On the contrary, I look forward to the prospect with the greatest pleasure. There's nothing in this world I shall enjoy so much as breaking you in.

MOLLIE. Oh, you think you'll win?

CAPTAIN. I'm sure of it! And when I have won, really won, hands down, there's no knowing what I shall ask. Do you hear, my ward? (*He takes her hand.*) When the day comes, Mollie—

MOLLIE. But it never will! (*She pulls her hand away from his.*) Listen! What's that?

CAPTAIN (*listening*). A special, I think. (*Goes hurriedly to window and opens it. Boys crying "Speshul!" are heard outside. Drums beat tattoo in yard; "hurrahs" are heard.*) Something's up. Hullo there! (*He leans out of window.*)

[*Furious knocking at door; cries of "Lambert! Lambert!"*]

MOLLIE. Captain Lambert, there's someone at the door.

[*CAPTAIN goes to door; MOLLIE retreats to window-curtains and stands holding them.*]

CAPTAIN. Hullo!

VOICE (*outside*). Open the door! (*He opens it a little way.*) We're ordered to "the front"! Come down! I'm going on to Waring's.

CAPTAIN. When do we join?

VOICE. To-morrow. Come down or let me in.

CAPTAIN. Can't! Engaged! See you later. (*He shuts door and locks it. Outside, drums beat louder. Wild "hurrahs" of crowd.*)

Mollie, you've won! We're off to the Cape to-morrow.

MOLLIE. Won!

CAPTAIN. Yes; I resign—give up all claim to the post of guardian.

MOLLIE. But why?

CAPTAIN. I can't go trotting about the country after you now, dear. Heaven knows when I shall be back again!

MOLLIE. Oh! (*She bursts into tears.*)

CAPTAIN. Mollie, you mustn't cry! My darling girl, you know how much I want to stop and look after you, but I can't. Don't cry, dear! I'll run round to Hodge and Grimley in the morning. They'll find some fussy old lawyer who'll look after you and let you have your own way.

MOLLIE. I don't like having my own way; I like fighting for it. And I hate lawyers, and I like soldiers!

CAPTAIN. Soldiers must be obeyed, Mollie.

MOLLIE. And I'll obey, too. On my word of honour, I'll be good! Oh, Captain Lambert, I'm a soldier's daughter! My father died fighting for the Fifth. Oh, don't, don't send me to a lawyer! I'll obey, upon my honour!

CAPTAIN. You'll go back to school, and stop there?

MOLLIE. I will, and now! We'll catch the 12.15. It's all right. I can get in, as I came, through the window. You've won, hands down. (*She gives him her hands, half-laughing, half-crying.*)

CAPTAIN. And you'll obey me?

MOLLIE. As my superior officer.

CAPTAIN. You don't know what I might command.

MOLLIE. Soldiers don't question. We obey.

CAPTAIN. Then I'll still be your guardian; but when I come back—

MOLLIE. Oh, school, I suppose, and school, and school, and school!

CAPTAIN. There's something else. You might get married.

MOLLIE. Oh no! I should never marry anyone but a sol—

CAPTAIN. A soldier, Mollie! Will you join the "Fighting Fifth?"

MOLLIE. When you come back!

CAPTAIN. If I come back. (*He kisses her; she is crying.*) Mollie, don't make it hard for me to go!

MOLLIE. No, I won't be a coward! The "Fighting Fifth" have never turned back, nor will I. Listen to the drums! They're sounding the call to arms. (*She pulls back curtain from window.*) They're saying, "For the Line! For the Fifth! For the Queen!"

A ROMANCE OF THE BOURBONS.

A few years ago, the Duchesse de Séville came to London, fell in love with a Spanish pastry-cook established here, named Menclous, and married him before the Consul. They returned to Spain, where, according to the Spanish law, the former pastry-cook adopted his wife's title, and became the Duke, assuming the airs as to the manner born, and perhaps a little more so. To this point the case is simple, but that marriage forms one of the most remarkable of the many strange histories in the Bourbon family.

Thirty years ago, Henrique de Bourbon was killed in a duel by the Duc de Montpensier, and when his will was opened it was found that he had disinherited his eldest son, the Duc de Séville, in favour of his younger son, to whom, accordingly, belonged the title of the Duc d'Anjou. The Duc de Séville was popular with Alphonso XII., and, when the Carlist War was over, the King gave him a high post in the Army. After the King's death the Duke fell into disfavour with the Queen-Regent, and some bitter remark that he had made concerning her led to his arrest. He was condemned to transportation to the Philippines five years ago and died on his way out. The Duke was married to a Madame Paracé, a lady in an inferior rank of life, who had adopted a girl who was twelve years of age at the time of the marriage. It was intended that the girl should enter a nunnery and take the vows when she was old enough. The child's life was meanwhile made intolerable by her schoolmates, who giped her on the fact that she did not know who her parents were. No children had been born of the marriage, and the Duke, fulfilling all the requirements of Spanish law, "recognised" her as his own child.

Afterwards the Duchess gave birth in succession to two daughters and one son. The question now is as to who is the real Duchess of Seville. The "recognised" child (to use the Continental legal term) claims that she is, while the elder girl born in wedlock demands the right to adopt the title, more especially as there can be no suspicion that the present bearer is a result of any liaison of the Duke's, as he was a lad of twelve when she was born. When the legal battle began in Madrid, five years ago, the "recognised" child's rights were allowed. On appeal, this judgment was quashed, and now the decision has been overruled by the Higher Court. The case will be re-opened. The Dowager Duchess lives in simple style with her three children in the suburbs of Paris.



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

CHARMING IN REAL LIFE, SHE EXCELS ON THE STAGE IN THE PART OF AN ADVENTRESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE ROMANCE OF ARTILLERY.

"LONG TOM'S" FOREFATHERS.

But all was vain till Gunners' skill and might
With practised forces all excelled so farre.
Let Sea men, Land men, all Men, truly know
That Gunner's art's of substance, not of show.

"Long Tom" of Ladysmith has become familiar in our mouths as household words. Why "Long Tom"? As a matter of fact, it is nothing new giving pet-names to guns. Was there not "Mad Marguerite of Ghent" in the days of handsome Edward IV.—a piece of ordnance some eighteen feet in length by three feet in diameter, made of bars of iron staved together cask-wise? This name of "Margaret," by the way, was much favoured by the gunning fraternity—Mons Meg, of Scotland; "Lazy Peg," immortalised by Carlyle. But, alas, just at present we are more in want of good guns than good gunners. When the ingenious Mr. Robert Norton dedicated his book, "The Gunner," to His Majesty Charles I., he wrote, "Being one of his Majesties Gunners and Engineers, Guns your Maestie hath, but want Gunners because they want respect and encouragement." But guns—cannon—from some odd reason or the other, perhaps to pat our modern backs as showing our mightily superior skill, we elect to speak of as quite nowadays engines of war.

Yet we all know the Celestials at the remotest periods were well acquainted with big dogs of war. From Cathay they found their way to Arabia even in the year 1200. Did the Flemish knights, the chivalry of the most ingenious folk of the time, import warlike engines from the Crusades? Most likely. Old Froissart and Villaret, anyhow, were aware of their use: "Their figure was like that of hollow cylinders, strengthened from space to space by several embossed circles; the breach terminated in a nob, and the match was placed between the first and second circles. These cannon represent what our architects called rustic columns. Artillery was usually employed only for sieges; it does not appear that it was made use of in battles." The first cannon were undoubtedly of the mortar class—their calibre of no mean order.

At the siege of Oudenarde, says Froissart, "D'Orville made a great bombard, which was fifty feet long and threw heavy stones of a wonderful bigness; when the bombard was discharged, it might be heard five leagues by day and ten by night, making so great a noise in going off that it seemed as if all the devils in hell were abroad." But it was in 1343 that we good or bad English first made an intimate acquaintance with big guns, serving as we did as auxiliaries at the Battle of Algeciras. His Majesty Edward III., evidently for the first time, patronised some sort of Field Artillery—"crakys" of war"—in his campaign in Scotland—

The other crakys were of war
That they before air never saw.

"Crakys?" Crackers! The artillerist and the pyrotechnist were distinctly mixed up together in the good old days. At Crécy a lighter form of artillery was most certainly used in place of the old stone-throwing mortar. Villani tells us of "bombs which by means of fire darted small iron balls, for the purpose of affrighting and destroying the horses, and that this kind of missile caused so much noise and tremour that it seemed like thunder from heaven, whilst it produced great slaughter among the soldiery and the overthrow of their horses." One of the earliest forms of the light gun was, oddly enough, called the "screw gun," a conical-shaped piece of ordnance having much the appearance of the half of a fossil chrysalis. Another form was that of an almost simple cylinder embedded in a rough wooden cradle. Still, even in the fourteenth century there must have been some idea of scientific elevation, as a wooden apparatus was erected for lowering or raising from breech to mouth. By the time of Richard II. cannon were generally used in all castles and walled towns. In an old manuscript description of the siege of Rouen by Henry V., the author assures us—

Wolde be schotte Y dare well say
An hundred off gunnes from walle and tour
Within the mountans off an owre.

In the time of Charles the Martyr, scientific gunnery was made a perfect study, at least by the ingenious Mr. Norton, who based his definitions of big guns on what might be called the Culverin method—

Flying Dragon or Double Culverin 29 Dyameters of their bore in length of their chases shoote 32 pound of iron cast shot, with 27 pound of common powder, or 22 pound of fine powder, and weigh about 12,200 pound; range, "3790 paces." Next whole Culverin or Syrene forty times in length height of its bore, weight 6900 pound, shot 16 pound with 16 pound common powder or 12 fine—range "3332 paces." Demy Culverin—or Flying Sparrow—weight 4100 pound.

Then added to these were Sakers, Falconets, Bobinets, Basses, &c., and the swivel-gun Patterson's breech-loader, which Kingsley speaks of in "Westward Ho!"; to wind up with, the gigantic Partridge mortar, composed of a great central chamber encircled by a ring of smaller. Our worthy ancestors had less lack of ordnance than have we in this not too lucky present century. They even boasted an armoured train of their own—a huge waggon, raised high in the air, affording protection for archers, and propelled underneath by a pair of shielded horses. There is nothing absolutely new under the sun.

TACTICS AND THE WAR.

The subject entitled "tactics" is but another name for practical common-sense, aided by a knowledge of the use of firearms, and by experience either personal or gained from others. The present war has surely given sufficient proof of the accuracy of modern firearms, and the Boers at least have benefited by their own (and our) experiences. The fighting formation of infantry has, of course, been adjusted to the improvement of the firearms they carry and the firearms of the opponent. Does it not therefore read like a horrible dream, that account of the "mishap" to the Suffolks at Colesberg, as given in the *Standard* of Friday, the 12th inst.? Newspaper critics declare that the formation called "Close Column" by the *Standard's* correspondent is the best—in fact, only formation—for night-work of the kind the Suffolks attempted. Surely this statement is open to doubt. Take the general principles laid down for infantry attack: each unit—say, company—under command of its leader, forming firing-line and support, with the reserves still further back. What difficulty can there be in any country, under any conditions, in guiding the advance of a battalion in this formation? The supports, too, being a closed body, will be easy enough to keep in hand; and as to the firing-line, if section commanders and the non-commissioned officers of the sections are not able to control fire and keep the men in hand at night as well as during the daytime, there must be a serious lack of discipline in the company, for which, of course, the company commander is responsible. The *Standard* writes: "Colonel Watson, at midnight, marched his force in close column to the top of the hill which he intended to hold." Supposing close column to have been the only possible formation for this small force to march in, how was it that they arrived within thirty paces of the enemy, halted, held a palaver, all in close column, without the faintest notion how near they were to the enemy? Simply because the most rudimentary principles of tactics concerning the safeguarding of troops on the march had been disregarded: a non-commissioned officer and two or three men about fifty paces ahead, in front of the column; the same to either flank, at a distance to enable them to give warning to those behind and give them time to deploy, and also to keep in touch with the column—a simple matter, which every recruit in Continental armies is taught during the first few weeks of his term of service. Then, again, the column halted, and apparently waited till daybreak before deploying. What could possibly have prevented their deploying before, so as to be ready to meet anything at daybreak? There may be two reasons to choose from—either utter ignorance on the part of the officers or complete lack of discipline among the men. It sounds hard, but there is no alternative if the newspaper statements be true.

The *Weekly Edition of the Times* recently gave an account by the Special Correspondent of the *Times* of the Battle of Magersfontein, with a map. The first glance at the disposition of the troops makes one gasp. The natural advantages of the situation on the British side must strike a child. Here is a ridge that encloses a basin, through which the railway runs from South to North, on the South and East side. The ridge drops down into the Modder River, an ideal flank covering. Opposite, a line of kopjes, held by the enemy, shelter-trenches, barbed-wire, and other accessories. From the point on the sketch marked "Horse battery" the left wing of the Boer intrenchments could be enfiladed, and was. Quite correctly; Coldstream, Grenadiers, and five companies Yorkshire Light Infantry made their way round by our right flank and encountered the enemy's left flank, which, of course, also rested on the Modder River. In the meantime, the disastrous frontal attack on the south face of the Boer intrenchments had met the fate it could not, under such circumstances, have escaped. That the retreat was at first hasty, and that for a time discipline vanished, can in no way be made a reproach to the men. The blame rests with the leaders—it is, of course, not quite clear with whom. To quote the report in question: "By a mistake, the entire brigade, still in quarter column, the least effective of all formations, and that affording the most certain target—in fact, a formation that should never have been used within the range of the largest ordnance possessed by the enemy—found itself within 400 yards (Mauser point-blank range) of the Southern face of the enemy's position, opposite to the barbed-wire entanglements of the strongest intrenchment of the entire line of defence." Looking at the sketch again, one is inclined to marvel that the idea of planning such an attack should enter anyone's head. It was a dark night, no moon, torrents of rain. Why leave the position on the ridge for such a venture under such circumstances when the nature of the ground is so peculiarly favourable to a flank attack; in this case, on our right flank? True, the flank attack was made *after* the frontal attack had failed; instead of preparing the way for a general advance. The flank attack was made to a certain extent, and, so far, had evidently a good chance of proving successful, when—it makes one's hair stand on end—the right wing were ordered to retire! Is it possible? The lesson, above all others, taught to every Ensign on the Continent, dinned into his ears throughout his career, is: "When once your infantry has 'caught on'—that is, engaged with the enemy—once the infantry fire-action started, it is tantamount to destruction to take them out again." It is indeed hard to believe that such things can happen after the many serious lessons the very first engagements of the war should have taught us.

G. B.

Messrs. Ogden have sent out to the troops in South Africa 300 lb. of their tobacco. They will get "Tommy's" blessings.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

It seems but yesterday that "What Happened to Jones" happened at the Strand Theatre, yet the piece has already reached the dignity of revival, and was presented last week at Terry's with a capital cast, even if it contains few, if any, of the original performers. Mr. Forbes Dawson, a clever and experienced light-comedian, plays the part of Jones successfully, and he receives excellent support from Mr. Herbert Sleath, Mr. Warren Smith, Miss Dorothy Hammond, Miss Audrey Ford, and Miss Dolores Drummond. One is disposed to wonder whether this revival of the lively play may not be a little premature, but on the first-night it had a good reception. It was pleasant to see Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's comedietta, "The Policy of the Ostrich," well enacted: the dialogue of this sprightly little play was published in last week's *Sketch*.

Of all the many wholesale theatrical managers now doing business in London, the suburbs, the provinces, and America, perhaps the most important, certainly the man with the most important future, is one who is the youngest of them all. This is the aforesaid Mr. Herbert Sleath. Mr. Sleath, the scion of a big "business" house, was bitten in early youth by that—in some cases—first infirmity of noble minds, a yearning to "go on the stage." Having some capital of his own, and a "call" upon considerably more, he first associated himself financially with certain plays, in which he modestly tried himself in this or that comparatively unimportant character, eventually adopting the one to which he was thought to be best suited. His debut was made in this fashion in connection with "The Romance of a Shopwalker," in which Vaudeville play he had an "interest" in combination with his friend, Mr. Weedon Grossmith.

Anon, the juvenile Sleath became similarly interested in the Olympic drama, "The Mariners of England," in which he played Captain Lebaudy. In due course Mr. Sleath became again associated with Mr. Weedon Grossmith, this time in connection with running "Miss Francis" of Yale, at the Globe. Here young Sleath contented himself as an "understudy" for the principal play, and with acting La Fere in the front piece, namely, "Our Bitterest Foe." Up to this time he had not (to be strictly candid) manifested any special Garrick-like, Macreadyan, or Irvingesque ability in the profession he had adopted.

Now, however, he began to act far better than he had hitherto, and presently, on joining his old friend, Martin Harvey, in helping to run and to act in "The Only Way," at the Lyceum, the said Sleath, as Charles Darnay, displayed acting ability of a most promising order. This was especially shown a little later by his assumption of Darnay's wicked father, St. Evremond, in the prologue, as well as the virtuous son in the drama. At the same time, Mr. Sleath was running "What Happened to Jones," at the Strand, where it stayed a year, besides being toured with three companies all under the domination of the said Sleath.

On "The Only Way" being revived at the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Martin Harvey offered Mr. Sleath his former parts therein, but, as the youthful actor-manager had just settled to take the Adelphi, he had to decline. At that historic home of melodrama, Mr. Sleath started with the nautical play written by Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Fred Latham, and entitled "With Flying Colours."

It was some time after this drama had been running before Sleath could summon up sufficient courage to appear as the hero of this piece on the stage whereon poor William Terriss had won such renown. Soon after, however, on Mr. Julius Knight being called away, Sleath stepped into the hero's part, Lieutenant Richard Dare, and, barring an occasional jerkiness, he really played very well—better, indeed, than he had ever done before, when one considers the magnitude of his task.

He is still lessee of the Adelphi, which he has sublet to Messrs. Hardie, Von Leer, and Gordyn for the revival of "Two Little Vagabonds" and the production next Monday week of Messrs. Arthur Shirley and Sutton Vane's new drama, which is, despite all rumours to

the contrary, only very slightly based upon the theological purpose-novel, "In His Steps." The title of this new play has just been changed (*pro tem.*) from "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil," to "Which is the Better Life?"

Mr. Sleath's next Adelphi tenant will be the American actor, Mr. Robert Taber, who on March 10 will produce there Mr. Laurence Irving's new Claverhouse drama, which is, at the moment of writing, called "Bonnie Dundee." After Mr. Taber's tenancy ends, Mr. Sleath, who holds a further "option" on the Adelphi, may either sublet again or he may produce a new autumn drama there on his own account. Anyhow, his future professional arrangements include the sending of "With Flying Colours" to Mr. Isaac Cohen, at the Pavilion, prior to starting a tour; the probable running of a new play, anon, at Terry's, where he was also associated with Mr. Harry Nicholls in the revival of "Jane"; the sending out of two touring companies with his present Terry's piece, "What Happened to Jones"; the production ere long of a new and (according to Sleath) splendid farcical comedy, with that droll little artist, Miss Lottie Venne, in the leading part; and the rejoining of Mr. Martin Harvey's Prince of Wales's company in about a month's time to play Don Luis in the new "Don Juan" play. All this would seem to provide about enough occupation for even the most gargantuan of actor-managers. And yet young Sleath has also sundry other theatrical irons-in (or about to be put in) the fire.

Mrs. Charles Calvert, who is at present appearing in Captain Marshall's successful comedy at the Court Theatre, is undoubtedly one of the most amusing "character" actresses on the stage. Her husband, the late Charles Calvert, was for many years lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Mrs. Calvert was his "leading lady," and was admittedly one of the most beautiful women of the day. She was also noted for her magnificent head of dark-brown hair. It is very unusual for Mrs. Calvert to be out of an engagement for any considerable time; however, when these brief intervals of rest occur, she generally pays a visit to Cheshire, where she has a farm, in which she takes great interest. Since her excellent performance in G. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," she has had an almost uninterrupted run of parts at various London theatres, and is already engaged by Messrs. Harrison and Maude for Mrs. Malaprop in their forthcoming revival of "The Rivals." Mrs. Calvert's sons are well known to London audiences; one of them, Mr. Louis Calvert, is now playing flute in Mr. Tree's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

In his early youth, Mr. Louis Calvert caused his parents a good deal of anxiety, owing to his love of travel. His adventurous spirit began to show itself long before he had left the nursery, as the following

little incident fully proves: One morning, after being reprimanded by his mother for some juvenile delinquency, he managed to escape the watchful eye of his nurse, and disappeared. A thorough search of the house was instituted, but all to no purpose—Master Louis could not be found. It was evident that the immediate neighbourhood would have to be scoured, so, with this end in view, the entire household was despatched in various directions to search for the young truant. Each returned, however, without any clue that would lead to the whereabouts of the wanderer.

The police were then requisitioned, but their aid also proved unavailing. The search was continued until it was time for his distressed parents to go to the theatre, and they played that night with very heavy hearts. Just at the end of the performance, however, a messenger arrived with the glad tidings that the little truant had been run to earth at a house in the slums of the town, and far away from the paternal roof. He had been asked by his newly made friends who he was, and whence he came. Knowing that if he mentioned his name he would at once be recognised, and his travels would come to a speedy conclusion, he replied: "My father shaves and goes out; my mother whips me when I am naughty."



MR. HERBERT SLEATH, LESSEE OF THE ADELPHI, TERRY'S, AND STRAND THEATRES.

Photo by Langstaff, Old Bond Street, W.

THE SECOND DRAGOONS (SCOTS GREYS).

"Second to None" is the proud motto of this grand old regiment of Dragoons, whose records carry us back to the days when the Dragoon combined the mobility of the cavalryman with the fire-precision of his brother-in-arms on foot. After many long years of peace at home, we find the Scots Greys again opposed to a formidable foe under conditions that may almost be called ideal by the true cavalryman, who handles his firearm as easily as his lance and sabre.

The battle of Schellenberg in 1783 witnessed these stern descendants of the Covenanters, dismounted, advancing against the enemy's trenches and taking them by assault, by sheer dogged persistence, under the enemy's withering fire. Shortly after, we find them at Blenheim, this time on their trusty steeds, broadsword in hand, charging the retreating French, forcing twelve squadrons of cavalry and twenty-four battalions of infantry to surrender.

The records of this regiment begin officially in 1861, when it was formally incorporated as the "Regiment of Scots Dragoons." The majority of the men had fought for some years previously under doughty Claverhouse, and had earned a terrible name for themselves during the disturbances in Scotland following the Restoration. Their first Colonel was Lieutenant-General Dalziel, and one of the first officers to join was Mr. Francis Stuart, grandson of the Earl of Bothwell who married Mary Queen of Scots. The regiment served abroad for a short period, and returned to Scotland in 1698. Its next foreign service was under Marlborough in 1702. About this time the Dutch Life Guards returned to Holland, and their grey horses were handed over to the Scots Dragoons, who were henceforth referred to as "Grey Dragoons" or "Scots Regiment of White Horse." The "Greys" were employed in covering the sieges of Venloo, Ruremonde, Stevenswoert, and Liège. Ramillies was a great day for the "Greys"; there they forced the famous French "Régiment du Roi" to surrender. Of the many colours captured in this battle, more than sixteen were taken by the "Scots Greys."

On the union of Scotland with England, the regiment was styled the "Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons," or the "Greys," and as such it fought with distinction at Oudenarde and the Siege of Tournay.

Side by side with Irish Dragoons at Malplaquet, the "Greys" wrested a glorious victory from the magnificent cavalry of France, led by the Commander-in-Chief himself, and for their bravery were thanked by Marlborough. On their return to England, in 1713, their number was changed to 2nd Dragoons, whereas they had formerly been No. 4.

Dettingen was another glorious day for the stern North British Dragoons. The Household Cavalry of France, in formidable battle-array, met the "braw Scotties"; their front was broken, their flight was headlong, and brawny Scottish arms seized the French regiment's proud standard—white damask embroidered with gold and silver, in the centre a thunderbolt on blue ground, with the motto, "Sensere gigantes." Strange to say, despite the reckless bravery of the "Greys," not a single trooper was killed.

The year 1759 found them on the Continent again, taking part at Bergen, Minden, and afterwards at Warburg and Zirenborg. In 1763 the regiment returned to England, and shortly afterwards the cloth Grenadier-caps were changed for the now historic "bearskins."

Valenciennes, Dunkirk, and Château Vaux are amongst the names that figure in the records of this regiment; further remarkable is the Battle of Tournay, where for the first time they rode blade to blade with the Inniskilling Dragoons, a regiment whose history is almost interwoven with that of the "Greys." At Tournay the charge of the "Greys," the "Bays," and the "Skins" drove the enemy off in confusion.

The day of the "Union Brigade" at Waterloo brought undying fame to the "Greys"; the enemy's Lancers and Cuirassiers were completely overthrown, several batteries taken, and, finally, the furious charge of British Dragoons penetrated right to the rear of the enemy's position. Sergeant Ewart captured the eagle of the French 45th Regiment of the Line, and was rewarded with a commission for his valour.

The dense masses of Russian cavalry on the southern slope of the Causeway Ridge, at Balaklava, awaited the furious onslaught of the "Greys," with a squadron of Inniskillings on their right. The ground was peculiarly trying for the "Greys." The distance that had to be traversed at a trot before the "gallop" and the "charge" sounded took the regiment over the site of the Light Cavalry Brigade's camp, and the impedimenta that strewn the ground proved a sad trial of patience to the braw laddies who were longing to get at the enemy. Following their gallant leader, General Scarlett, the tall bearskins were soon in among the dense mass of Russian cavalry, hacking a road through the column and back again. Major Clarke, leading the right squadron of the "Greys," mounted on "Sultan," his charger, lost his bearskin through "Sultan," maddened by all the noise around him, kicking violently. Leading his squadron bareheaded, Major Clarke dashed in among the Russians. His skull was laid open by an ugly cut from a sabre. He never noticed it, however, at the time, but continued to cut his way after the gallant leader of the Brigade. Later on in the day, "Scots Greys" and "Inniskillings" moved down the "Valley of Death," and but for their efforts hardly one of the six hundred of the Light Brigade would have returned.

Looking at the honours on the proud standard of the "Greys," we find names that recall the prowess of the stern, unbending descendants of the Covenanters, such as "Dettingen," "Waterloo," "Balaklava," and "Sebastopol," and in our mind's eye see other names and more recent dates added to the former undying honours of a corps that is indeed "Second to None."

G. B.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

In the number of those who are suffering by reason of the excessive patriotism that the war has evoked must be counted the restaurant waiter. One Volunteer going to "the front" requires, as a rule, five friends to celebrate the occasion, and the man who has to bear the first results of an unwonted flow of champagne is the unfortunate personage who draws the cork. It is not so many days ago that a boisterous party of Volunteers in khaki, and their friends in sympathy, dined and wineed themselves at a West-End restaurant particularly noted for its careful attendance and orderly behaviour. As the courses proceeded, their merriment increased, until the air was thick with eating-utensils and various articles from the cruet-stand. Now, there happened to be a hamper hard by, labelled "Southampton." In a final moment of exaltation, it occurred to the gentlemen in question to fill the hamper with a waiter, who would be released at Southampton or Cape Town, as convenient. Luckily, the waiter was a strong man, but it was a near thing.

"The new influenza." Its ravages will soon be no greater than those of mere shot and shell at "the front," and who will regret it? To have influenza, a few seasons ago, was the badge of good-breeding which gave one the *entrée* to smart society. Like the Boer marksman, it affected to ignore the rank-and-file. But the pushing *nouveau riche*, who found it the correct thing to catch what he called influenza every year, gave it its death-blow as a fashionable disease. One's very tradesmen presume to lose wives and families by it. One shows only the proper self-respect of the true gentleman in owning to not having had the influenza this winter.

An instance of that rarest of things—a story absolutely without a moral—is the case of an elderly Colonel who, otherwise a thoroughly well-bred man, has just recovered from influenza, and consulted his doctor about a resultant "constant wish for stimulants." Asked whether he slept well, had an appetite, and could take exercise, and replying "Yes," he was advised "to—er—continue"! The most depraved could not be improved by this anecdote. In the vast majority of apparently good stories, artfully hidden like the emulsion and the meat-extract in the advertiser's innocent-looking novelette—deep-down, treacherous, viper-like—there lurks the moral.

There may be thus instruction, it is to be feared, in this true story of a well-known amateur strategist. Names, as an Irish paper says, must be nameless. While explaining to his Club, the other day, the probable conduct of the war if he was given the command in South Africa, a telegram informed him that he had been made Commander-in-Chief, and a second summoned him to Osborne to interview Her Majesty. Rung up on the telephone by "Lord Lansdowne," he seemed to recognise the voice as the voice of the Club humorist from his chambers. His language to the operators at the Exchange is said to be actionable.

Nelson and Napoleon would not have come up to the height-standard of the Services. Should short-sight be also a bar? In the Colonies many short-sighted bushmen, stockmen, and hunters are excellent shots and fearless riders through murderous country. Their profession is largely one of "eyes." No doubt, glasses may break in the middle of an action, are useless in rain or snow, and are unsuited to "looking round the corner." But all this applies to bush-work. Sir Charles Napier was helpless without glasses. Some of our best shots are short-sighted, and Taylor, the champion golfer, could not pass the sight-test for the Army. All this, however, is known to the authorities. Privates in khaki-rimmed spectacles would not stupefy foreign nations with admiration, but in a European war, where every man was wanted, it might come to this.

Possibly our troops at "the front" who shirk the dangers of London may not be as cowardly as at first sight appears. Someone has just discovered influenza to be a form of malarial (which includes enteric) fever. Now to find the influenza mosquito, and, when found, to make a note on him! So much for the open door and free trade in insects; but it explains the reason for the epidemic. The influenza pest must be migratory, and leave a lot of little things behind him. We are comforted, by-the-by, by the assurance that those who have had influenza are "salted" against cholera; but what use is this in a country where there is no cholera?

Perhaps side benefits will result from the exodus to South Africa. Will the cabman now accept twice his legal fare without swearing at our lady friends? Will the newsboy refrain from brushing papers briskly against our faces, and insulting us if we do not buy? Many conductors, attached to the corps from which those bus-horses have been commandeered, are now retired with the brevet rank of full driver. Will the others rake us in and out of the vehicle with less violence? Will the barber avoid the subject of hair-washes, and hesitate to suggest a shave, shampoo, singe, manicure, and face-massage to the customer who wants his hair cut? Horrors of war? Nay, say rather that it is Nature's sharp tonic which braces up and ennobles the national character. HILL ROWAN.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 31, 5.45; Thursday, Feb. 1, 5.47; Friday, 5.49; Saturday, 5.51; Sunday, 5.52; Monday, 5.54; Tuesday, 5.56.

A letter reached me the other day stating that a quiet meeting had been held among the principal manufacturers of cycles in Coventry to see if they could not come to some agreement to raise the price of machines. The slump and the competition on the top of the slump have pulled down prices, and the cry goes up from the makers that it is impossible for them to secure a living wage. Now, I have never been the advocate of the cheap bicycle simply because it is cheap. It is not worth while saving a few pounds in the purchase of a wheel and run the risk of a cracked skull. A little while ago, a manufacturer wrote me, and offered to send one of his ten-guinea machines if I would say something about it on this page or elsewhere. That was a bribe, of course, to write favourably about the machine or to keep silent if I didn't think much of it. I declined the offer, not because I didn't think the machine was worth ten guineas—for I know this particular firm gives sterling value for one's money—but because, by sedulous inquiry, I have learnt it is really impossible to give to the public a first-class machine at that figure. I, however, bought a bicycle from this firm, and—for we scribblers do get an advantage over the general crowd—I got it at what is called "agent's price," £17, which means that, if I had bought it at a shop, I would have paid some £25 for it. It is a beautiful wheel, and as good as any running over the roads of England.

Now, a good bicycle is best, even though expensive, because one has confidence in riding, and there is not the constant thought at the back of one's head, "I wonder if the thing is going to smash?" If a wheel is to be good—not with a lot of nicknacks and whims, but just a piece of honest work—it cannot be turned out of the English factory for less than £8. If the maker sold right away to the purchaser, it would be possible for you and me to get a machine for £10, and yet give a remunerative profit to the maker. This, however, is impossible. There are tremendous advertising charges; there is the cost of maintaining shops in expensive thoroughfares; there are the heavy expenses of the agents. Even at the lowest price, I fail to see, allowing for reasonable profits all round, how a member of the ordinary public can purchase a reliable machine for anything under twelve guineas. In wheels of lesser value, there must, I am afraid, be cheap material and very unsatisfactory workmanship, and therefore I have never written a line advocating their purchase.

Suppose the Coventry makers arrive at some mutual agreement to raise the price, we should take cognisance of the fact, and make an additional allowance in considering the amount of purchase. Yet, even if they do put up the price, it is not quite clear it will be beneficial to the makers themselves in the end. The clever Americans will seize their opportunity and flood the British market with wheels. I have never joined in the cheap and insular-bred sneers at American machines. Of course, we have had plenty of American rubbish placed before us, machines that arouse only disgust. But they have been sold for £6 and £8, and so we have to apply a relative consideration and ask, "What kind of rubbish would the British manufacturer give us for £6 or £8?" I've known Englishmen point to a home-made £20 wheel and say, "That's a fine bit of work!" and then point to a £6 American wheel and say, "Don't the Yankees turn out muck?" Such is the talk of an ass. And, having ridden on bicycles in both England and America, what I have to say is this—that, for equal money, the American machine is superior to the British. Being a Britisher, I prefer to ride a home-made bicycle; but too great a strain ought not to be put upon one's patriotism. Nobody can object to the English makers getting a good profit; but, if they artificially force up the price of bicycles, they will have nobody but themselves to blame if the Yankees cut the ground from under their feet. A word to the wise!

The rage for khaki has laid hold of cyclists as well as other people. But the colour one sees in London called khaki is not exactly the same

as the real genuine khaki to be found in India. The Indian khaki is strongly brown; the English is mostly dust-tinted. Personally, I prefer the English-adopted colour, for it looks neater and really does not show the grime nearly so prominently as the Indian. The rage for the tint, however, can run too far. Nothing is to be said against khaki-coloured bicycles, because it is a serviceable colour and does not reveal every spot of mud and grain of dust. But I see one firm has gone so far as to produce khaki-coloured tyres! I don't know what composition is used; but it is not likely to be beneficial to the rubber. And the rubber nowadays really needs improving.

Nature endeavoured to make amends for the wretched weather on the opening day of the Melbourne Bicycle Club's Austral Meeting by providing bright sunshine, blue skies, and light breezes for the two other days. On Saturday, Dec. 16, over twenty-seven thousand people assembled on the Melbourne Cricket Ground. The takings amounted to about £1000; but, instead of the third day's receipts being all profit, as in previous years, the loss on the first day depleted this amount by about £200. The Reserve and Grand Stand were so crowded with the gay dresses and bright parasols of the ladies as to resemble the Christmas window of a fashionable shop, while the ground was simply a long, grey, circular slope, stippled with human faces. The Austral Wheel Race was won by Percy Beauchamp. The judgment of the public was right for once, and the heavily backed Tasmanian, notwithstanding a close finish, had the race won almost from the pistol-fire.

Have you got the influenza? Most folk have, and, if you are not a cyclist, you will have it probably before long. Happily, I have avoided the fiend, but I have had something equally as bad, malaria—a reminder of the days I spent fever-racked in the Burmese jungles. I am determined—and I do hope that next week I won't have to write that my determination counted for nothing—not to have the influenza. One lot of doctors tell you that cycling will bring along every disease that flesh is heir to, including housemaid's knee; another lot will inform you that there is not an ailment cycling cannot cure. Prevention is, of course, better than cure, and one of the finest preventives against influenza is to bicycle often. Plenty of exercise is the best thing to resist influenza, and, if you have plenty of the former, you will have none of the latter.

Many a time I am asked for an opinion whether it is best to cycle alone or with companions. Well, it is all a matter of temperament. I like both; but, to be strictly candid, I think I like riding alone best. There is a certain disadvantage, when with companions, having constantly to regulate your pace to theirs, go on when they want to go on, and stop when they get lazy. I like to arrange my own laziness. Solitary riding—

especially to the unfortunate man who is cooped up in a business-house most of his life—is wonderfully bracing and refreshing. With companions, he is probably talking about how he would manage the war with the Boers were he Commander-in-Chief—the eternal topic in the train in the morning, in the luncheon-hour, and in the train going home in the evening! But out in the lanes, even though the hedges be bare, the sweet savour of the soil gets into his nostrils, and, if he has any soul at all, he revels in his escape from the bondage of business, takes a hill at a rush when his blood pulses quick, and, when he feels inclined, he can dismount and sit on a gate and smoke his pipe and listen to the cawing of the crows. I go many solitary danders, for I love the fields and the smell of the earth. I have no ambition to be Commander-in-Chief, have no theories about the war, and hardly know a howitzer from an omnibus.

The Rev. C. H. Grundy, the humorous parson of Brockley, has declared that his only ambition, to be a Bishop, arises from the fact that Bishop's gaiters are splendid to cycle in. Perhaps this is some explanation why so many other ecclesiastics are riding the wheel. But the only Bishop who has really appreciated the advantages of his costume for cycling is the Bishop of Colchester. His Lordship has been a cyclist now for three years. The portly Rural Deans in his diocese, however, look somewhat askance at the Bishop flying round astride on a bicycle.

J. F. F.



PERCY BEAUCHAMP, WINNER OF THE AUSTRAL WHEEL RACE (£300 FIRST PRIZE) IN RECORD TIME.

Photo by Roland Bishop.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The weights for the Spring Handicaps are at last published, and now we shall be able to guess at the probable winners, but I do not believe in supporting horses until after the acceptances have been published. Mr. Ord has done his work well in the Lincoln Handicap, and I for one



BOSCOMBE. BY OCEAN WAVE—ARTIFICE.

Mr. H. D. Bradley (Owner and Trainer), George Tonge (Jockey). Winner of the Metropolitan Merchants' Handicap of £600 at the Summer Meeting of the S. A. Turf Club, held at Kenilworth Dec 23, 1899. Photo by Ambrose Jarman, Claremont.

shall be disappointed if a big acceptance is not received. At a first glance, I like the chances of Little Eva (who, a gentleman told me before the race, had 20 lb. in hand for the Stewards' Cup, which she did not win), Chinook, Mazawattee, Refractor, and Waterhen. For the Grand National the handicappers have piled it on to Manifesto, but the horse is not out of it even with 12 st. 13 lb., and the titled gentleman for whom I wanted to buy the horse when Mr. Dyas offered him for sale must now be sorry that he did not give me the order. General Peace is given a chance in the City and Suburban, and Celada is mildly treated in the Jubilee Stakes.

The Clerks of Courses in England are complaining that the war has interfered largely with their gate-takings. Strange to say, racing has been well patronised in South Africa when it has been possible to hold meetings. The South African Turf Club had a very successful meeting at Kenilworth on Dec. 23 and 24, 1899, and, despite the cannons in front of them, the gathering was well patronised. The chief event of the fixture, the Metropolitan Merchants' Handicap, was worth £600 to the winner, which says something for the enterprise of the promoters. The race was won by Mr. H. D. Bradley's Boscombe, by Ocean Wave—Artifice, and to the owner belongs the credit of having also trained the winner. To judge by the portrait, I fancy Boscombe is a very useful animal indeed.

Many good sportsmen have volunteered for "the front," and I am sure they will make good soldiers. I heard, by-the-by, the other day of a young Turfite who had been accepted as an officer; but, unfortunately, he failed to attend the first drill, perhaps owing to some misunderstanding as to the time or date. Anyway, he was waited on by the military authorities, who marched him off to barracks, and he now has to go to "the front" as a full private. In his case there will now be a big difference with very little distinction, and I print these facts as a warning to other sporting-men who might volunteer to serve their country. Soldiering must not be played with during war-time. The game is far too serious to admit of the slightest neglect, and it is only right that discipline should be maintained at all costs.

Mr. Richard Ord, the racing handicapper who has given us so many perplexing puzzles during the last year or two, is very fond of hunting, and, I believe, for some years he was entitled to write the magic letters "M.F.H." after his name. Mr. Ord is, I should say, just the man to edit "The Fox-Hunter's Vade Mecum," which has just been published. It is a very useful little work, and it ought to have a big sale, as, according to records given, quite £8,000,000 per annum is spent on hunters and hounds alone in the United Kingdom, so the equestrians could do with a few useful hints. Barbed-wire, it seems, is the curse of hunting, whether you are after a fox or a Boer, and it is to be hoped that a remedy for this treacherous trap will be devised by some 'cute inventor presently. In the meantime, hunting prospers in this country, although just now many of our hunting-men are searching for Boers in a very difficult country.

Even at the Cape the begging-dog is brought into service to collect money for the sick and wounded. During the two days' meeting of the South African Turf Club held at Kenilworth last month, Mrs. Val Mortimer, of Claremont, Cape Town, took her dog Dick with his box to

the course, and £18 3s. 7d. was collected. Will some lady kindly attend the English meetings during the next few weeks with a begging-dog? I am certain it would help the fund, and that, too, to a very large extent if the superstitious racegoers gave to it as freely as they do to the one-armed sailors and other absent-minded beggars who infest our open race-meetings.

Some of the little trainers do not care to have the charge of horses belonging to non-betting owners, and they admit that they can make more out of gambling than they can out of the money they charge for the keep of thoroughbreds. The pauperising influence of putting a trainer so much to nothing on a winner accounts for a great deal, and, of course, an owner could not do this unless he landed a big bet, in addition to the stakes. As I have said many times before, if I owned horses, I would never make a present over a winner to either trainer or jockey, as by winning they would be simply doing their duty. I think the time has arrived when the non-betting owner should prove to the sporting world that he is, after all, one of the great pillars of the Turf.

The war excitement has, I am told, caused a falling-off in the money made out of coupon competitions, and the young sports take more interest in reading the latest from Buller than in guessing the winners of future events. Perhaps the craze has had its run. Anyway, coupon contests are not what they were. By-the-by, I heard a very funny story of a lady who explained to a friend that her relative made tons of money out of the "cow pens." The friend, who was not versed in guessing competitions, remarked, "But I never knew he was in the dairy business." The answer came, "I don't mean 'cow pens,' but 'cow pens'—racing 'cow pens,' of course, you stupid!"

Touting for entries is allowable under the rules of racing, and some few of the Clerks of Courses make it pay very well; but I am not so sure that the system is one that should be encouraged. We often see the same horse entered in two or more races to be decided on the one afternoon, and, as the animal is not likely to appear more than once, it gives to the programme a false importance. Further, at times it upsets the calculations of owners, who cannot decide until the last moment whether to back their horses or not, as the trebly entered animal may be a bit too good for them. I think the case would be met by compelling an owner with an animal doubly entered to decide overnight which race the horse would run in, and the fact should be given to all the morning papers for publication.

CAPTAIN COE.

PRESENTATION TO MADAME ALFRED DREYFUS.

By kind permission of the *Morning Herald*, I am enabled to place before my readers a sketch and description of what is probably the most richly deserved, the most spontaneously subscribed, and, at the same time, the most interesting to the general public, of any recently proposed testimonial. I refer to the "gold casket" which is to contain the address of sympathy to be presented to Madame Dreyfus by the subscribers and readers of the *Morning Herald*. In these days of intense realism, it is somewhat of a relief to turn to this superb work, which, in the true spirit



PRESENTATION TO MADAME DREYFUS. BY READERS OF THE "MORNING HERALD."

of poetry and graceful allegory, tells again the oft-repeated story of the final triumph of innocence and justice over oppression and perjury.

The size of this unique piece of work is sixteen inches long by fifteen inches high, and the entire work has been designed, specially modelled, and carried out in the highest style of art in the studios and workshops of Messrs. Elkington and Co.'s, Limited, famous establishment.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS

Paris dressmakers say they anticipate—and with them to anticipate is ordinarily to accomplish—that Empire styles closely adhering to the traditions of that curious period will be in vogue during the coming



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A GRACEFUL DINNER-GOWN.

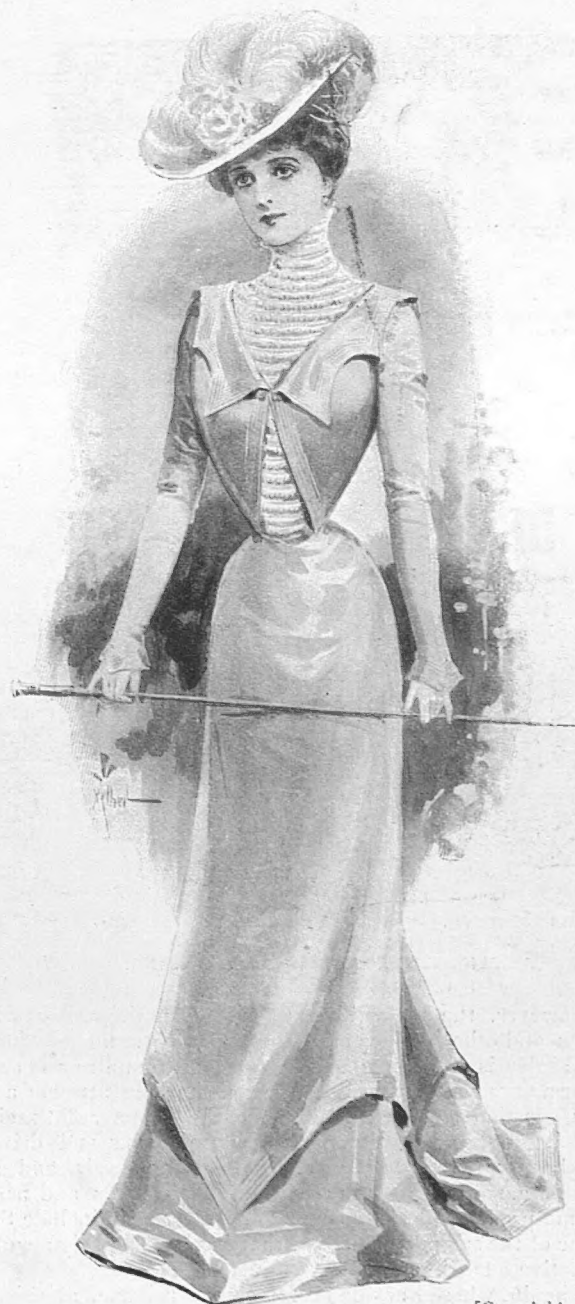
seasons. But, with all due deference to these master and mistress minds, I doubt that we shall ardently embrace the new faith over here. Even for tea- and evening-gowns, the straight, loose skirt falling from an abbreviated embroidered bodice is only now and then a thing of beauty. Very graceful girls, whose slim, willowy figures look well in any style of dress, are charming in Empire draperies as in others, and to tall women whose waists and figures are not otherwise arranged by Nature on the Hebe model the mode covereth defects. But think of short, of rotund, of no longer youthful matrons in the Empire altogether, and one is moved to naught but laughter, more particularly when the outdoor vision of bonnets and pelerine of the period is conjured up. The style was embraced with enthusiasm by our early Victorian aunts, who revelled in the straight, gauzy gowns, tightly curled locks, and sandalled slippers of the Napoleonic code, and who so curtailed their under-garments that it is on record no woman, no matter how chilled, dared stand between the fire and her friends—which points to as healthy a growth of feminine vanity in those days as we can lay claim to in our own.

Apropos of matters vaporous, mousseline-de-soie dresses in various pale shades, banded at the knees, bound at the edge, and trimmed at the shoulders with sable, chinchilla, or ermine, are a good deal in use now. Medallions or garlands of Luxeuil lace, over which the lighter Chantilly is again overlaid, give a very decorative effect, the two kinds of lace in combination with fur making capital cause with the soft background of either lisse, chiffon, mousseline, or crêpe.

The Sales are at last definitely over, and for this relief, and notwithstanding all past favours in the matter of bargains, much thanks! Now, perhaps, we shall have the cheering influence of spring flowers, even if they be but cotton or silk, peeping at us from the shop-windows, hats freshly trimmed instead of tousled, and the new materials for coming spring set forth in gay array instead of the somewhat dilapidated models, faded at the seams, garnished with fly-blown lace, and generally off-colour, which, labelled at sacrificial numerals, wooed us to rash purchase in the ices of January.

The general adoption of the new Princesse petticoat may be safely prophesied among the well-dressed. In days like these of slim and shapely draperies, the separated skirt and bodice interfere with the contour of one's outer envelope considerably, and a taffetas or pongee Princesse petticoat, which combines skirt and bodice in one shapely whole, is obviously a great improvement, and to be advised to all who can afford it. At present, like all newest modes, this garment is one of price.

Those who, like the swallows, are going South should equip themselves with a domino in their Riviera outfit, as King Carnival makes his *rentrée* very shortly, and smart dominos are often inaccessibly expensive at this season at the Riviera mode-makers. Black pleated mousseline lined with pink or other pale colour, a Manon hood with bunches of roses at both ears, and a thick lace mask, make a most serviceable and, at the same time, smart costume, but taffetas in bright colours can be made up very prettily, and is both light and lasting—recommendations both, in view of the energetic gaiety to which we abandon ourselves at



[Copyright.]

FOR THE RIVIERA.

Carnival-time. A fancy-dress is often useful at this place and period, too. "Mignonne" is among the novelties done in different green gauzes and splashes of yellow and mandarin velvet. "Toilet-Table" can be effectively rendered, too, with gauze over pink or blue taffetas, flanked by powder-puffs, hand-mirrors, and other paraphernalia of the dressing-table.

A good fancy-costume can be easily created with Turkish towels and a trimming of small sponges, as "Morning Tub"; and a more elaborate one of white pleated tulle, trimmed with simulated sliced lemon and cucumber, while three bands of white, pale-amber, and pale-brown ribbons, with "soda," "hock," and "sherry" printed on each, are sewn on end of skirt. This has not been done, and makes a capital dress. A fanciful hock-glass could be carried in the hand.

Town seems to become more dismal every day now, and between the forlorn aspect of the weather and the always increasing number of friends going South, nothing seems left but to get out of town oneself with all possible celerity in search of a gleam of sunshine, which seems denied both to one's soul and body at home. The Gallic Riviera being out of favour with many, for obvious reasons, several English think of betaking themselves to Spa earlier than usual this year, that cheery Belgian town being well adapted from its sheltered position to figure as a spring resort as well as the ordinary later season. From May to



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A WALKING-DRESS FOR EARLY SPRING.

October is, however, the recognised season, when the waters of the famous Pouhon and other springs are in great request, and the long and lofty Winter Garden is daily crammed with people from all parts seeking health, rest, or amusement variously. Pigeon-shooting attracts a large portion of the sporting set each year, while the summer flat-racing is a constantly improving quantity. There are walks and drives of indescribable beauty in all directions, good cycling-roads, and social amusements galore, so that those in search of fresh fields and pastures new of hygienic profit or pleasure cannot do better than include Spa in the programme of the summer holiday if they have not already negotiated its many attractive qualities.

For those, again, whose lines lie perforce nearer home, at this or a later season, there is pleasant—and also, it may be added, historic—little Hastings, with plenty of sunshine, a sufficiency of animated humanity on "the front" of a morning, its comparatively mild winters, and its superlatively civil Corporation, or whatever that excellent and disinterested governing body may be called which caters for the town's amusements, provides comforts, controls the hygiene, and generally

endeavours to advance and enhance the many natural good points of this ancient British stronghold. The flowers that grow in the spring—even the little English spring—seem here to venture an earlier first appearance, by favour of the emboldening sunshine, than in other parts, and hardy perennials are encouraged to show themselves outside and about Hastings before they have even begun rehearsals for their annual campaign in less-favoured spots.

Talking of flowers and their fascinations reminds me to remark on a most practical and trustworthy guide to horticulture of all sorts, which annually makes its welcome appearance on the country breakfast-table about this time, and, in all matters of plants, fruits, shrubs, trees, and so forth, is always filled with the latest and most down-to-date improvements and departures in that most delightful of all human occupations, yecept gardening.

This season, "Kelway's Manual," as issued by the well-known and highly esteemed firm of that name in Langport, Somerset, is even more comprehensive than usual, and, as the compilers truly say, must be "the result of great patience and much experience." All those who love flowers and own a garden should emphatically send to Kelway's for a "Kelway's Manual," which is sent on application. By a wise provision of that long-headed old lady, Dame Nature, we find the less ornamental growths amply vindicated in their increased usefulness, however, and the graceful wheat-ear has, in particular, forced her claims on our hygienic appreciation in this connection lately. White flour, with which we have been satisfied up to now, is being gradually recognised as deficient in certain qualities, notably the phosphatic, or brain-making food, as well as the nitrogenous, or muscle food. Some enlightened American has, however, found a new process, called "Shredded Wheat," which gives us all that is best and most nutritious in bread. Sold in large packets at sevenpence each, this ideal preparation is a natural health-food which should never be absent more from the breakfast-table of the intelligent and health-loving. Its head-centre and offices in this country are 6 and 8, Eastcheap. But most first-class bakers will furnish it if called for, and called for it should decidedly be. An explanatory booklet, called "The Vital Question," can, by the way, be had at the above address of the Shredded Wheat Company on application.

Being embarked on the war-path of hygiene, I am also here constrained to add a word in praise of that excellent tonic and most agreeable of fluids known as Hall's Coca Wine—a first-rate remedy for sleeplessness, and, moreover, quickly retrieving all the energy and tone we lose in influenza. The overworked man of business, the student on brain-wearing examinations intent, the singer suffering from "roughness" or want of flexibility in the vocal cords, may all, with faith, apply to Hall's Wine as a cure for their several ailments, while the morphia habit has even been known to give way under its persuasive, soothing influence.

SYBIL.

The capital of the great pottery industry, Hanley, is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of a handsome new hotel, the Grand, Trinity Street, which some four hundred of the leading residents cordially admired at the opening reception given by the directors. The Hanley Grand Hotel is absolutely up-to-date, electrically lighted throughout, the sanitation is perfect, the wines are excellent, and the cooking is beyond reproach. There are a hundred and thirty rooms, all beautifully furnished by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., the well-known house in the Hampstead Road, London, N.W., who are also responsible for the decoration of the hotel throughout. The management is in the capable hands of Mr. and Mrs. Logan, well known as the former managers of the Hôtel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue.

There were three places in the world where you met everyone you had ever seen if you only waited long enough. One was Port Said, the other Charing Cross Station, and, above all and beyond all, was the Café de la Paix in Paris. And now the Café de la Paix is doomed. At the end of March, and on the very eve of the opening of the Exhibition, the lease of the present proprietors falls through, and the offers made to the Grand Hotel Company are such that they would find it ten times over to their advantage to remove the café and let it be turned into shops. There would be indeed a falling-off there, if there was ever one! The "Paix" was the heart of Paris, the veritable Café of Paris, the dreamland of every nation civilised and half-civilised. The King of Greece, who used to sit on the terrace and take his appetiser surrounded by the dozens of packets of toys that he had bought for his children and friends; the Prince of Wales, who had a special corner, where he drank coffee usually and invariably called for the *Standard* before all other papers; the Shahzada, who never knew what he was doing in Paris, and never found anyone to help him out of the difficulty; the King of the Belgians, who spent half his time in getting an absinthe into shape and the remainder in casual glances at the stage-door of the Opéra—all were known to the *garçons*. Everyone went there, even the King Milan when he had fallen into that Queer Street where his presence in some third-rate *marchand de vin* used to lead its proprietor on to fortune, and assure for the King a free dinner, or practically so. Yes, it is doomed. A big English catering firm has made a substantial offer, but I question whether it will be accepted. It received a heavy blow when the police took away from it three-quarters of its terrace, and allowed only a thin ribbon of chairs to be put on to the boulevards. Still, Paris without the Café de la Paix will be another Paris.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 7.

THE MARKETS.

Still the question of the relief of Ladysmith remains unsolved, and still the markets fluctuate from day to day as the war news is favourable or otherwise. "We have captured Spion Kop," and the early bird who wishes to pick up the worm hurries to buy everything he can lay his



MR. CECIL GRENFELL,
MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND
IMPERIAL YEOMAN.

hands upon, only to find that a few hours later the position is "abandoned" (whatever that may mean), and our poor friend is landed with his stock.

Apart from the war, everything is favourable for better markets and a general improvement. The Bank Return was strong, money is cheap, trade both in this country and in America is good, and traffics upon all the Railways are showing great expansion; but, alas, it is very much like the play of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark, nor can we expect much alteration for the present.

THE TREATMENT OF
SULPHIDE ORES.

Last week, as the result of a very interesting conversation with a well-known expert, we gave some account of the Sulphide problem which was causing the great difficulty of gold-extraction in Western Australia, but in our note we presupposed that it was necessary to desulphurise the ore before treatment, and up to quite a late date this has been accepted as a truism, but it has been brought to our attention that great hopes are now centred in Dr. Diehl's process, in which, by the use of a bromide solution, it is claimed that roasting is quite unnecessary, while an extraction of some 94 per cent. of the gold contents can be effected.

By Dr. Diehl's plan the ore is crushed in the stamp battery, and the free gold extracted in the ordinary way by amalgamation; the coarse sands are then leached with bromo-cyanide solution, and the slimes dealt with by filter presses. It is necessary to crush very fine, and the proportion of slimes is therefore high, while the amount of ore which can be treated in a given time is somewhat smaller than by the hitherto accepted methods. A heavy royalty will have to be paid to the patentees; but against this may be set the cost of roasting—say 10s. a ton—and a saving in the quantity of cyanide of potassium consumed.

It appears too early to say definitely that Dr. Diehl has solved the problem, but many good judges are sanguine of success by this method, the cost of which, without royalty, should not exceed 35s. a ton of ore treated.

MINES.

The adjustment of the Account showed that there was considerable speculation for the fall in Western Australians, and rates went off considerably; indeed, in the case of Associated, there was a backwardation of as much as sixpence a share enforced in some cases. The tendency nearly all the week was to firm markets, which would have been even more marked but for Spion Kop. Shareholders will do well to take no notice of the vast number of touting circulars and gutter-rag papers which are being sent round. Our readers may rest assured that all these attacks and the postage-stamps spent on bringing them to the notice of the holders of shares are not the result of any philanthropic desire to save their pockets, but are part of an organised attempt to depress prices.

As to Kaffirs, it is useless to write of particular shares, for the whole market is governed by war-news; but upon each success, or reported success, it is far better to sell than buy. Of course, if Lord Roberts succeeds in obtaining a strong position, and, with a victorious army, marches on Pretoria, prices will be far higher than they are now; but many things may happen before that good time comes, and, when it does, we shall strongly advise those who have bought to see it out to repent of their folly and let somebody else have a chance.

OUR PORTRAITS.

It has been said by the "Little Englanders" and others that the Stock Exchange is willing to pay, but does not care about fighting; and the sneer has been repeated in all sorts of quarters, until there are even found people who believe it! That the House is ever foremost in contributing towards any deserving object, all the world admits; but inasmuch as over a hundred and twenty members are either on their way to "the front" or have offered to go, the taunts as to the lack of fighting instincts in our House-men appear a little unjust. We give this week the portraits of two well-known and very popular members who have joined the Imperial Yeomanry and will in a very

short time be "doing their country's work" in South Africa, and we hope from time to time to publish portraits of some of the other House-men who have given up the comforts of Throgmorton Street for the hardships of campaigning in South Africa.

HOME RAILWAYS.

The dividends announced and reports published of the Home Railway companies up to the present cannot, as a whole, be called happy reading for the stockholders. In nearly every case they anticipate in their present announcements the fears which we expressed a week or two ago with regard to what is likely to happen in the current six months. The terrific rate at which expenses are being piled up began, it seems, months ago, when coal was comparatively cheap, and before the outbreak of hostilities deprived the railway companies of some of their best employes, in consequence of the Reserve being called out. The Brighton Company's report tries to speak cheerfully; but, in view of the heavy capital issue which must soon be made, the attempt tails off rather dismally. "Berthas" receive only $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as against $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. last year. Great Eastern Ordinary stockholders are fortunate in receiving the same rate as a year ago, namely, $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the carry-forward is about £4500 more; but the ratio of expenses had increased for the six months from 56.34 per cent. to 57.59 per cent. on the gross revenue of the company. The London and South-Western Company has done fairly well in the past six months, and the Deferred Stock gets $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year, which is the same as in 1899. Its baby, the Waterloo and City, cannot manage to raise its dividend above the regular 3 cent., but that other electric line, the City and South London, has suffered on account of the large extra capital upon which distribution has to be made this time, and which, so far, has earned nothing. Consequently, the "City" dividend is at the rate of only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., against 2 per cent. this time last year. It is a pity that the reduction has had to be made; the line is pluckily fighting an uphill battle, and a good deal of hard luck has come in its way lately. The good old North London declares its regular $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the eighth half-year running, and the Tilbury pays at the rate of 7 per cent., as before. It is pleasant to see the Metropolitan has managed to scrape enough together to keep up the $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of 1898, but we think that Mr. Bell might have told the stockholders a little bit more at the meeting about what electric traction is going to do, or what it is hoped it will do, for the company.

THE DISAPPOINTING DIVIDENDS.

But the palm for sensation-creating in the Home Railway Market has to be accorded to the South-Eastern Company. The announcement that the Deferred stock (Dover "A") would receive only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year as against 3 per cent. last year, with a reduction of no less than £12,376 in the carry-forward, simply staggered the market. Nor did the appearance of the report help matters to any extent—it made them worse, if anything, and the stock fell still lower, making up last Wednesday at 88 $\frac{1}{2}$, against 101 on the previous Contango-day. The Stock Exchange is utterly disgusted at the performance of the Joint Committee of the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies, and for that Committee to say the maintenance of last year's 3 per cent. on Dover "A" would have required an extra £56,000 in net revenue does not help matters much. Following this declaration came the Chatham Company's announcement that its First Preference stock will be paid in full, but that about £14,500 less is carried forward than was the case a year ago, which means that Chatham Seconds will have to whistle for their full dividend when the time comes. After these wretched declarations, the Great Central's sigh that it can pay only 1 per cent. on its Preference stock of 1879 sinks into insignificance, although this was a good deal worse than the market had been going on, and was not made any the better by the appearance of the melancholy report.

Of the "Heavy" dividends, only the North-Eastern is declared at the time of our going to press. With them we shall deal in a subsequent issue.



MR. H. TUDOR CROSTHWAITTE,
MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND IMPERIAL YEOMAN.

SOME POPULAR INDUSTRIALS.

How greatly even the Miscellaneous Market is affected by the war-news can be seen by comparing the prices of its leading shares on Thursday and Friday last, when the news was received, first, of the capture, and then of the abandonment of Spion Kop. General Buller's cable that he had taken the position was immediately followed by a brisk rise in Lyons, Liptons, Anglo-Americans, and the favourite investo-speculations of the Miscellaneous Market. Very little actual buying took place, but the dealers declared that the public, once it heard the good news throughout the country, would come in and "buy everything in the place." Prices were accordingly bid up in anticipation of what was likely to happen on the day following. What did occur was the saddest damper that the country and the Stock Exchange have sustained this year, and one whose effect in the House was altogether disproportionate to the cause.

Of Liptons at about 45s. we have advised a purchase, and the price has improved a trifle already. The shares are still cheap, but possibly a greater rise will occur in Lyons when the tide of investment begins to flow back to the Stock Exchange. The price, as we write, is 6½, and a dividend is pending very shortly. Passers by Throgmorton Street should not fail to peep inside the company's works; the development of late has been very rapid, and now that the ground-work is done, it will not be long before a handsome restaurant is ready, with offices above, about which would-be tenants are even now talking.

Bovril is a bad market on the exceedingly poor dividend of only 2 per cent. on the Deferred shares, and the price of the latter slumped to 7s., at which, perhaps, they are a likely gambling counter. Cotton and Thread shares suffer badly on account of the war, and are, we fear, likely to feel its pinch still more before the end comes. With the shining dividend on Coats, however, before their eyes, it is not probable that holders of Cottons or Threads will be anxious sellers of their shares. Barnums are recovering to the neighbourhood of £1—which is practically 5s. discount, be it remembered—and it would seem bad business to sell them until the market kindles into activity again. To a certain extent the same remark applies to Mutosopes, but the novelty of the company's machines is wearing off, and any rise in the shares should be used as an opportunity for getting out. Popular Industrials, on the whole, are not in demand at present, but their time is bound to come in due course.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS.

"It's good to be going home," contentedly sighed The Merchant, as he made himself comfortable in a corner of the carriage, *vis-à-vis* with The Jobber, who nodded in appreciation of his friend's views. The Broker occupied his Editorial place in the middle of the carriage, now formally assigned to him by common consent. He turned and spoke to The Jobber.

"Had a good day?" he asked.

"Pretty fair," said that gentleman. "I made a sixty-fourth on 100 Chartered and lost ⅓ on 30 Rand Mines. Debit balance of four-one-three, I think you'll find it comes to. It is good 'biz' to lose anything under a fiver in these times, you know, and I had a big lunch on the strength of it. If only you fellows would keep quiet, I'd try to have a nap. Don't let 'em make a row, Brokie," and the sleepy one endeavoured to find an easy place for his head.

The Broker looked at him in disgust. "Fancy wasting one's precious life like that!" he exclaimed. "But I must say that jobbing in Kaffirs is enough to make anybody sleepy. I haven't had a dozen orders in South Africans all the week."

The Merchant looked up. "Well," he began, "I gave you an order myself to sell my Goldfields the other day—"

"Wish all my clients were like you, old chap," said The Broker. "If only people would sell when things are good and buy them when they're flat, what a difference there would be in clients' accounts!"

"That is all very well," The Banker remarked meditatively. "I have frequently made the same observation myself; but, after all, I am forced to admit that it is extremely difficult to realise when securities are advancing in value, and a man's feelings lead him to hope that every day may see a still greater rise, while, on the other h—h—hand—"

The sentence was finished by a violent sneeze, followed by a fit of coughing, and while the old gentleman was busy attending to his nasal requirements, The Engineer got into the carriage. He was accompanied by another man, whom he introduced as "my friend, the M.D."

"I fear you will not be much interested in our conversation, Doctor," said The Broker rather ruefully. "We were all talking 'shop.'"

"Doctor?" queried the newcomer. "I am a Managing Director, not a herbalist."

"A Managing Director! Come, that's good! I thought, from The Engineer's introduction, that you were a man of physic."

"No; groceries are more in my line than glycerine, and dry-goods than pills. I have the honour of managing the stores of Messrs. What's-his-name and Co., Limited."

"What is your opinion, sir," inquired the now-recovered Banker, "of large concerns, such as Harrod's, D. H. Evans, the Army and Navy Stores, and others of similar description, considered as an investment?"

The M.D. leant forward a little to reply. The Banker was holding a hand up to his left ear and listening intently. In a deep bass voice, the stranger replied: "Everything in this direction, as in so many others, depends upon the war. People now are spending as they never did before in England, and the trade of the country increases by leaps

and bounds. Witness the Trade Returns! Look at the Railway traffics! But we must be prepared for a turn of the tide one day. We must look out for—"

"Sucking-pig—potatoes—half-a-pint of—er—What the—? Oh! Have I been to sleep?" said The Jobber, rubbing his eyes and looking curiously at the M.D. "I was just dreaming of what I had for lunch," he continued explanationwise. "Was anybody speaking?"

"Pray excuse him, sir," said The Broker. "He is absolutely incorrigible, and his manners would be a disgrace to a metal-broker. You were saying that we must be prepared for a—"

"For a time, I was going to say," softly boomed the bass of the M.D., "when people's spending capacity reaches a limit, as it is bound to do some day. When that time arrives—and this war brings it nearer the longer hostilities are protracted—shares in all such companies as you have mentioned are sure to feel the difference in the volume of trade. I should not myself, speaking as a Managing Director of one of them, put my friends into shares and enterprises akin to those you have indicated."

The speaker looked round with a smile of complacent self-satisfaction, but catching The Jobber in the middle of a tremendous yawn, a shade of annoyance crossed his face, and he was about to say something when The Banker purred—

"You know, gentlemen, after all, there are only two classes of securities really worth buying nowadays." The Carriage began to look interested. "One is Consols and other trustee-stocks, and the other is—"

"Graskops?" asked The Jobber.

"No, sir," The Banker somewhat indignantly replied. He did not like to be trifled with so frivolously. "The other class is Bank Shares."

The Broker nearly fell off his seat in horror. "The liability! Think of the liability!" he gasped. "I should not dare advise a client to buy, say, Westminster, with their liability of £80 a share, or Counties, with another £60 a share to be called up."

"The risks of such a thing happening," returned The Banker, "are as a hundred to one. The yield now to be obtained upon Banks is excellent, and our institutions are doing famously, spite of what the Chairmen are saying at the meetings."

"Most of the Bank shares now carry the dividends, do they not?" The Merchant inquired.

"Some of them," was the answer. "If you can wait until the shares are quoted ex-dividend, you may perhaps make your purchase at a relatively lower quotation than that now ruling, because public interest in Banking shares drops for a little period after deduction of dividends from the prices. But they are sound as a bell to buy, and pay from 4 to 5 per cent. on the money. What more can a man want nowadays?"

"I still fancy the Iron and Steel and Coal shares myself," said the Engineer. "You remember, I was sweet on Bolckow-Vaughans some time ago? Well, the price has risen since then, and I think it will go higher yet. With the present coal-famine, this kind of company ought to pay splendidly."

"I'm thankful that Providence made me a dealer in Kaffirs instead of Coal," was the enigmatic remark of The Jobber, as he got up and fished about in the rack for his umbrella.

"Why?" The Banker fell innocently into the trap.

"Because," said The Jobber solemnly, as he opened the carriage-door, "because, instead of going to the buyer, coal always goes to the cellar. Good-night, gentlemen!"

Saturday, Jan. 27, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. G.—See answer to "L. V. M." last week, or, if you want a little better return, buy (1) Inter-Oceanic of Mexico 5 per cent. Prior Lien Bonds, (2) Buenos Ayres and Pacific 4½ per cent. Second Debentures, (3) Industrial and General Trust 5 per cent. Unified Stock.

W. S.—Your writing is almost impossible to read, and your signature quite so. See last answer, which, with the recommendations to "L. V. M.," will give you seven investments to select from.

F. W. P.—Thanks for your letter and enclosure. Our note last week was an enlargement of the letter to you. See this week's Notes.

C. J. D.—We are glad to have been of use to you.

ANGRY.—Your letter does not make things clear, but the chances are that the liquidator has something to say on his side. If the shares were transferred to you for value, and you had no knowledge of the alleged facts connected with the agreement under which they were issued, you cannot be made to pay again, and you may safely sit still and let the liquidator bring his action. When he serves a writ, go and consult your solicitor.

A. J. G.—(1) See this week's Notes. It has now been decided that no Articles of Association can shut you out from the rights which Section 161 of the Companies Act, 1862, gives you.

SCOT.—Nothing is known on the Stock Exchange of the company or its shares. Certainly no price is procurable.

Our reprint of the Official List of the Stock Exchange issued on Dec. 27, 1799, has gone very well, and excited considerable interest among brokers and jobbers. As the result of his labours, "The House Hunter" has handed us the sum of £13 15s., and, finding that the Stock Exchange War Fund has been closed, we have forwarded this amount to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, who has acknowledged the contribution with thanks. Our readers can still aid the good cause by purchasing copies at 1s. 3d. each.